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## EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE House of Commons, after weeks of dullness, has had an animated debate. The Conservative back-benchers suddenly asserted themselves on Tuesday, on the question of compensation to Irish Loyalists, and the Government was only saved from a resounding defeat by the Prime Minister's motion to report progress and his promise to re-examine the whole situation in the light of the debate. Mr. Amery had moved a supplementary estimate for an additional grant to those who suffered loss in Ireland after the truce, explaining that £400,000 had first been considered adequate for the purpose, that the amount had been increased under pressure from the Tory Diehards to £625,000 and then to £1,000,000, but that even the last sum was insufficient to meet the claims which had been approved by the Wood Renton Committee. The Government therefore proposed to pay all approved claims up to £1,000 in full and 60 per cent. of claims above that sum. This scale had already absorbed £1,062,000, and there were further claims awaiting examination. Reminding the House that Irish Loyalists would receive something like £10,000,000 in all, Mr. Amery threw himself on the mercy of the Government's supporters.

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The back-benchers were not, however, in a merciful mood. One after another they rose and denounced the Government for niggardly parsimony and breach of faith towards those who had been loyal to the Union. Eventually Mr. Churchill came to the support of the Colonial Secretary, but only made matters infinitely worse by taunting the Diehards with their zeal for

economy in other directions, and declaring that if "those who endeavour to maintain economy are censured for their exertions, then right down the whole line you will find weakness and collapse." Lord Hugh Cecil fell upon Mr. Churchill with righteous (one might almost write self-righteous) anger. "Let us be clear," he said, "as to what economy means. It means saving money in respect of administration. It does not mean refusing to pay a debt of honour. That is called by a much harsher name—a name too harsh to be within the limits of Order within this House." From the whole body of Conservative private members, only Major Hills arose to defend the Government's attitude. The situation was clearly desperate. Mr. Baldwin was sent for, and promptly threw over his colleagues.

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It is difficult to disentangle the rights of the question under discussion. The Government has got itself into a mess by going too far and then trying to draw back. It was defensible, in the first place, to promise some *ex gratia* payments to those people in Ireland who had backed the Union and had suffered, after the truce, for their opinions. It was also reasonable to appoint an advisory committee to examine the claims for compensation and report upon their validity. It was a sound principle to satisfy genuine claims up to £1,000 in full and to scale down the larger demands. The Government seems, however, to have blundered in February last, when, in deference to back-bench pressure, it agreed to postpone the closing date for the receipt of claims and to increase the sum allocated for the purpose to £1,000,000. Mr. Amery admits that he then expressed the hope—"and more than the hope,

I fully admit, the confident expectation"—that £1,000,000 would make it possible to pay all genuine claims in full. Mr. Churchill was more guarded, and made full use of his cautious phrases on Tuesday. Nevertheless, enough had been said to start a ramp in Ireland. The country which had deserted the Irish Unionists was open to be bled, and the opportunity was too good to be missed. Eleven hundred new claims were received, and Mr. Amery's "confident expectation" was falsified.

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The problem now before the Government is whether, in order to appease the disgruntled Tories, another £500,000 shall be handed out to 283 persons in Ireland who have already received £700,000 between them. Mr. Churchill argues, with some justice, that these claims have never been examined in a critical spirit. The Wood Renton Committee is admitted to have done its work well, but it was asked to consider the eligibility of certain claimants for an *ex gratia* payment; it did not hear any arguments on the Treasury's behalf against the validity of claims. It is possible, therefore, that the Government may get out of the immediate difficulty by setting up a judicial body to decide upon the amounts really due. On the other hand, it is fairly clear that, if the Government stands firm, the bulk of the Tory Party will come to heel. The next step will show whether the Cabinet is more concerned to save the faces of Mr. Amery and Mr. Churchill, or to reconcile the back-benchers. So far as we can see, no real question of principle is involved. The Irish Loyalists have done very well as regards money compensation—far better, for instance, than the English victims of German air-raids. Those who have not yet been fully compensated are fairly well-to-do people. In short, this domestic quarrel between the Government and its supporters reflects little credit on either side.

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A letter offering reinstatement has been addressed by the Home Office to Mr. H. R. Josling, the ex-sergeant of police who was required to resign in 1922 for bringing charges of corruption against Sergeant Goddard. The Home Office letter is decidedly chilly in tone. It reminds Mr. Josling that at the end of the proceedings before the Discipline Board, he expressed regret for his impetuous action and for the trouble he had caused, and infers that he recognized at the time that an adverse decision must result. The letter adds that, in the light of subsequent events, it is clear that his enforced resignation should not be regarded as implying any reflection upon his personal character. This is, to say the least of it, an understatement. Mr. Josling's personal character comes extremely well out of the episode, and the Discipline Board of the Metropolitan Police Force comes very badly out of it. We now know that Mr. Josling's charges against Goddard were well founded, and that if they had been properly investigated at the time, a long series of corrupt transactions would have been prevented. It is known that Mr. Josling does not wish to be reinstated, and he is clearly entitled to substantial compensation for what amounted to wrongful dismissal and loss of pension rights.

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The most important aspect of the case is, however, the light which it throws on the state of the Police Force and the probable fate of those who try to reform it from within. A letter written in 1922 by Mr. Josling to a fellow-officer has now been published in the *EVENING STANDARD*. In it he describes how an attempt was made to bribe him; how he made representations

to his superior, who denied any knowledge of the conditions existing; and how "utter disgust with the prevailing conditions" compelled him to bring the facts before the Commissioner:—

"I have told no lies whatever," added Mr. Josling in this letter written in 1922, "bear no malice to those concerned, but with all the power that lies within me and in all sincerity I intend to expose what I know to be one of the greatest evils which exist in our Force to-day."

It is clear that the evil referred to is that of bribery and corruption, and it is a very serious matter indeed that an attempt to expose it should have resulted in Mr. Josling's compulsory resignation. If Sir William Joynson-Hicks and Lord Byng succeed in eradicating this evil, they will have done a great public service. We believe that they are genuine in their desire for reform, but a more cordial tone towards Mr. Josling would have inspired greater confidence.

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The handling of Anglo-American relations by the British Foreign Office is deplorable. A few days ago, Sir Esmé Howard, the British Ambassador in Washington, was reported to have intimated that Great Britain would shortly make a new effort to bring about a general limitation of naval armaments. He said that they had considered it unwise to take any steps in this direction while the Cruiser Bill was still before Congress, lest they should be suspected of endeavouring to strengthen the hands of those who were postponing the Bill, but that, now the Bill had passed, the obligations imposed on Great Britain by the Covenant of the League would compel the Government to renew their efforts for limitation. Sir Esmé has since explained that he was giving only a personal opinion; but in the meantime, the Foreign Office had issued a curt statement to the effect that there was no change in the position since February 6th, when Sir Austen Chamberlain announced that "all questions concerning our relations with America and the naval conditions of the two countries" were being carefully examined; and that, in view of the necessity of consulting the Dominions, the Government were not likely to be able to make any further communication, "for some time."

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There is nothing in this statement which necessarily conflicts with Sir Esmé Howard's optimism, and this fact has been freely admitted by official opinion in the United States, and by the American Press. Nevertheless, the communiqué is disturbing. On all questions relating to disarmament and the organization of world peace, the Foreign Office seems so much more anxious to emphasize difficulties and discourage premature hopes than to give any assurance that the urgency of the problem is realized. Nobody wants premature, incomplete disclosures such as that by which Sir Austen Chamberlain made the abortive Anglo-French agreement ten times more mischievous than it need have been; but recent speeches by Mr. Bridgeman and others have left an uneasy suspicion that the British authorities are still blind to everything but the narrowest technical aspects of limitation, and disposed to haggle over the interpretation of parity. A declaration that the Government were reconsidering the whole position in the light of the ratification of the Peace Pact, and would endeavour to solve the technical difficulties of limitation on the lines of the last Kellogg Note, would do much to clear the air.

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The conditions of the problem are not static; they are in process of continuous development. The Borah-Reed amendment to the Cruiser Bill suggests that naval



limitation and maritime law are closely connected in the American mind. Mr. Kellogg has now given guarded approval to the Capper Resolution for empowering the President of the United States to place an embargo on the shipment of arms and munitions to any nation engaged in, or threatening to engage in, domestic or foreign strife; though a reference to the necessity of maintaining "strict neutrality" suggests that he is still trying to run away from the implications of his own Pact. Of still greater interest is a Note handed by Mr. Kellogg to the representatives of all Powers signatory to the Protocol of the International Court, in which a strong hope is expressed that a formula will shortly be found to overcome the difficulties presented by the American reservations, and permit the United States to adhere to the Court. Every move towards closer co-operation by the United States in the preservation of world peace should make it easier to solve the problems of disarmament, and of the definition of belligerent and neutral rights and obligations, and should make it easier for Great Britain to make concessions to that end.

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The impression is gaining ground that the recent abortive revolt in Spain has shaken the Marquis de Estella's "serenity" much more than he is willing to admit. A Royal Decree has been promulgated dissolving the Artillery Corps, with the exception of the units in Morocco and the Canary and Balearic Islands. The disbandment of officers belonging to the artillery regiments in the Madrid garrison was carried through without difficulty, but the censorship makes it impossible to say what is happening in the provinces. According to an official communiqué, the Government have received, since the failure of the plot, over a hundredweight of letters and telegrams, whereby 1,500,000 people have declared their adhesion to the existing order; but the communiqué goes on to deplore the fact that the alarm caused by recent events is still reflected in the weakness of the Stock Exchange and in the minds of millions of good citizens, "who give proof of excessive timidity seeing that there is no justification for fear." If there is no occasion for fear, the repressive orders that have been issued can only be due to blank panic, and this public complaint of lack of confidence will hardly strengthen the Government's position. The really disturbing feature of the revolt was, of course, that military malcontents and the political opponents of the Directory were, for the first time, acting in concert. It is clear that Spanish affairs will be worth watching closely during the next few months.

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The first step towards relaxing the new dictatorship in Yugoslavia has been taken by the removal of General Maximovitch, the military Governor of Zagreb, and his replacement by a Croat civilian official, Dr. Zorichitch. At the same time, M. Savchitch, a banker, who is well known for his attempts to mediate between the Croats and Serbs, has been appointed Mayor of Belgrade. It is further announced that the King will, for the first time, go into residence in Croatia during the forthcoming spring. It will be interesting to see whether these steps are followed by any more definite indications of a policy of reconstruction, or whether the Yugoslav dictatorship will prove as incapable as the Spanish of paving the way for a new constitutional regime.

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The prorogation *sine die* of the Syrian Constituent Assembly marks the close of a disappointing chapter in the history of Franco-Syrian relations. When

M. Ponsot, the present High Commissioner for Syria, succeeded M. de Jouvenel in the autumn of 1926, the embers of the Druse rebellion were still smouldering, and the task of pacification had still to be completed. By the end of 1927 the situation had taken a distinctly more favourable turn; and early in 1928 the state of siege was declared at an end, the censorship of the Press was abolished, and arrangements were made for the election on a liberal franchise of a Syrian Constituent Assembly. The elections gave the Nationalists an overwhelming majority, but the French were not without hope that the Assembly would show an accommodating spirit, and would be ready to compromise on a working arrangement which France could accept. The Assembly, however, took the bit between its teeth and proceeded to frame a Constitution to which there was never any chance of the French being induced to assent, declaring Syria an independent Republic, with the right to an army and a foreign policy of its own. M. Ponsot's remonstrances were ineffective, and after twice suspending the sittings of the Assembly, in the hope that time would enable conciliatory counsels to prevail, he has now prorogued it indefinitely. The episode is a reminder of the intractable nature of the Syrian problem, which, so long as it remains unsolved, must always be a disturbing factor in the situation in the Middle East.

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Fighting is again reported from China, where Feng Yu-hsiang's troops have come into collision with local forces near Chefoo. At the recent Disbandment Conference it was agreed that Feng should take control in Shantung after the withdrawal of the Japanese, but his preliminary steps towards the occupation of the province have apparently met with opposition from the levies of a local tuchun. Such incidents were to be expected, and it would be a grave mistake to attach too much importance to them. Meanwhile, the Nationalist Government seems to be settling down in earnest to the work of financial reform; it has invited Sir Frederick Whyte to accept an appointment as its chief adviser, and has engaged a strong staff of American specialists under Dr. Edwin Kemmerer, who has already acted as an expert adviser on currency questions to ten different countries. It is now confirmed that the agreement with Japan includes the allocation of an annual sum towards the redemption of the unsecured debt, in which Japan is specially interested. The amounts available for the next few years are not likely to give much relief to bondholders; but the fact that some provision has been made for service of this debt, the repudiation of which has been urgently demanded by Nationalist extremists, is an earnest of the new Government's good financial intentions.

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In a joint session of both Houses of the South African Parliament, General Hertzog has carried the second reading of his Native Representation Bill, after defeating General Smuts's amendment to refer it to a Commission, by 80 votes to 68. The voting makes it clear that General Hertzog has no chance whatever of the two-thirds majority on the third reading, necessary for any alteration of the franchise. Nevertheless, he is going forward with the Bill, for no discoverable reason except a very doubtful electoral gamble. His latest speech, insisting on the impossibility of giving equality to natives, even on an educational test, unless "the whites are prepared to pack their bundles and depart from the country," will not contribute to the removal of bitterness from the controversy.

## THE OBJECTIONS TO CAPITAL EXPENDITURE

**I**N urging at the Mansion House the importance of more adaptable and enterprising British salesmanship, the Prince of Wales emphasized one of those unquestionable truths which greatly need emphasizing, and the wide publicity which his homily is sure to receive may prove of real practical value. The opening remarks of the Prince's speech should not, however, escape notice. "With no fewer than 1,400,000 people out of employment," he declared, "the most important problem at this time naturally is to try to find them some work." In this sentence the significant word is "naturally." We believe that it correctly represents the present state of public opinion. Almost everybody would agree to-day that unemployment is our most important problem. Of course. But this proposition would not have seemed so "natural," or so much a matter of course, a year or so ago. On the contrary, until very recently, the utterances of the most important and highly respectable persons left no room for doubt that they considered other objectives to be far more important, for example, the reduction of the income tax. We are aware, of course, that they went on to argue, or rather to assert, that this was the most effective means of reducing unemployment. It is always easy to satisfy yourself by such assertions, when the reduction of taxation, and not the reduction of unemployment, is what you really care about. But they seem very unconvincing, the moment you make the reduction of unemployment, really and truly, your first objective. This, we believe, the general public is now ready to do.

There remains, however, a very widespread impression that the problem is almost insuperably difficult, and that, in particular, it would be very difficult for any Government, with the best will in the world, to provide an effective remedy. This notion is, in our view, entirely baseless. The problem is certainly difficult in many ways; but we entertain no doubt at all that it is well within the power of the Government, if it has the will, to make a very substantial impression indeed upon the unemployment figures within a comparatively short space of time. All that it has to do is to reverse the financial policy of recent years, exemplified by the raids upon the Road Fund, and to substitute for it a vigorous policy of capital expenditure. Nor is there any reason why this should mean undertaking manifestly wasteful work of the kind associated with the history of relief works. There is an abundance of important work, calling out to be done, and coming within the ordinary province of the State. To take the most obvious instance. To carry out the more urgent schemes of road and bridge construction which have long been matured by our road authorities would entail an additional capital outlay during the next few years of many tens of millions annually. This is manifestly economic work, which should be done for its own sake, which, indeed, will have to be done for its own sake sooner or later. To hold back with this work, as we have been doing during these last few years, when we have a colossal transfer problem on our hands, requiring a buoyant labour market as the first condition

of its solution, is the most flagrant folly. To press on with it vigorously, to concentrate on the next few years as much as possible of the inevitable work of the next decade, is the obvious, as it is the wise and statesman-like course.

But the point we wish now to stress is that an increased capital expenditure of some tens of millions is by no means a trifling thing in relation to unemployment. When you build a road, you not only employ some men directly on the road, but many others indirectly in supplying the materials of which the road is built. The greater part of the expenditure (though, of course, by no means all) is translated in one form or another into a demand for labour. We think it fairly safe to say that an expenditure of, say, £100 millions all told in a year would be reflected, after a not very lengthy interval, in the additional employment of over half a million men. And this is to take no account of what would probably prove a most important factor, the stimulus of the increased purchasing power that would be created on trade in general.

In the policy of capital expenditure, we have, therefore, an instrument which is adequate to the problem, as is no other instrument which anyone can suggest. Why is it not used? What are the objections to using it?

The objection which we hear most frequently is that any money raised by the State for financing productive schemes must diminish *pro tanto* the supply of capital available for ordinary industry. A policy of national development will not, therefore, really increase employment. It will merely substitute employment on State schemes for ordinary employment. Either that, or (so the argument often runs) it must mean inflation. In relation to the actual facts of the present condition of affairs, this argument is, we believe, wholly without foundation. But it appears to have so wide a currency that we think it desirable to answer it more fully than we have hitherto attempted to do.

In the first place, it is worth observing that there is nothing in the argument which limits its applicability to State-promoted undertakings. If it is valid at all, it must apply equally to a new works started by Morris, or Courtaulds, to any new business enterprise entailing capital expenditure. If it were announced that some of our leading captains of industry had decided to launch out boldly, and were about to sink capital in new industrial plant to the tune, between them, of £100 millions, we should all expect to see a great improvement in employment. And, of course, we should be right. But, if the argument we are dealing with were sound, we should be wrong. We should have to conclude that these enterprising business-men were merely diverting capital from other uses, and that no real gain to employment could result. Indeed, we should be driven to a still more remarkable conclusion. We should have to conclude that it was virtually out of the question to absorb our unemployed workpeople by any means whatsoever (other than the unthinkable inflation), and that the obstacle which barred the path was no other than an insufficiency of capital. This, if you please, in Great Britain, who has surplus savings



which she is accustomed to lend abroad on the scale of hundreds of millions every year.

But let us come closer to grips with the argument. Where exactly does it go wrong? It involves two assumptions, neither of which is true. The first is that there is always a precise adjustment between the supply of savings and the demand for them; so that it is never possible to obtain capital for any particular purpose without taking it away from something else. Now the adjustments of the economic world are never so precise as this. At the present time, a serious maladjustment between the supply of savings and the demand for them is part of the very malady from which we are suffering. The volume of real investment is falling short of the volume of money savings. Industry is too depressed to absorb all the savings which the public is ready to place at its disposal. Thus an appreciable part of our savings is denied any productive outlet and dissipates itself in forcing up the prices of stock-exchange securities, and, at present, in promoting a deflationary trend. For, of course, money savings that do not find their way into real investment represent so much purchasing-power withdrawn from the demand for goods and services.

It is this that constitutes the answer to the suggestion that a policy of capital expenditure, if it does not take capital away from ordinary industry, will spell inflation. This would be true enough if we were dealing with boom conditions. And it would become true, if the policy of capital expenditure were pushed unduly far, so that the demand for savings began to exceed the supply. But we are far, indeed, from such a position at the present time. A vast amount of deflationary stock has first to be taken up before there can be the smallest danger of a development policy leading to inflation. To bring up the bogey of inflation as an objection to capital expenditure at the present time is like warning a patient who is wasting away from emaciation of the dangers of excessive corpulence.

To sum up this section of our argument. We are wasting at present in idleness not only a substantial portion of our labour power, but a substantial portion of our savings as well. It is by no means clear that the unused margin of savings would prove insufficient to absorb the unused margin of labour.

We turn now to the second false assumption in the argument to which we are replying. This is that, from the point of view of employment, one outlet for savings is as good as another. An important part of our savings finds its outlet in foreign issues. Granting, for the sake of argument, that a big policy of national development could not be financed wholly out of the savings which are at present running to waste, granting that, to meet the borrowing demands of the State other borrowers must go without, why should we assume that these other borrowers must be British business men? The technique of the capital market makes it far more probable that they would be some of the overseas Governments or municipalities which London at present finances on so large a scale. It is the bond market that would be principally affected by a large British Government loan.

Now anything which served to diminish the volume of foreign issues would come as a very welcome relief to the Bank of England at the present time. The exchange position is uncomfortable and precarious; the recent rise in Bank rate is proof of that. A diminution of foreign investment would ease the strain on the exchanges. Why, it is only a year or two since the Bank of England, with this end in view, was maintaining a semi-official embargo on foreign issues. The embargo was a crude instrument, suitable only for

temporary use, and no one would suggest its renewal. But the need which that embargo was designed to supply still remains, if in a less acute degree. In relation to our less favourable balance of foreign trade, we are investing abroad dangerously much; and we are investing abroad to this dangerous extent largely because there are insufficient outlets for our savings at home.

We conclude, therefore, that a policy of capital expenditure, in so far as it might go beyond the mere absorption of deflationary slack, would serve mainly to divert to home development savings which now find their way abroad, and that this would be a wholly welcome result, tending towards cheaper credit facilities for ordinary British industry.

We emerge from this detailed discussion to reiterate the broad, simple, and surely incontestable proposition. Whatever real difficulties there may be in the way of absorbing our unemployed labour in productive work, an insufficiency of national savings is certainly not one of them. Any argument which implies that this is a real difficulty, as does the argument which we have been examining, is palpable nonsense.

## MINORITIES' RIGHTS

THE League of Nations Council at its meeting in ten days' time is to discuss the whole question of the rights of minorities. It is fully time. The League has been in existence over nine years. During all that period minority grievances have persisted, and only hardened optimists would contend that they are growing sensibly less. There is, moreover, an uneasy impression that the League has been taking its responsibilities in this particular field too easily and trusting to the curative effects of time, forgetful of the elementary fact that wounds can fester as well as heal.

There is, no doubt, much to be said on the other side. Protection of minorities is a duty thrust on the League rather than assumed by it. There is no reference to the question in the Covenant, and in this matter as in others the League was merely invoked by the peacemakers at Paris in 1919 as a convenient dumping-ground for awkward problems. The Saar, Danzig, minorities—who is to look after them? Let them go to the League. It may be contended, moreover, with much justice that if the minority problem is not getting visibly less acute, at any rate the League has prevented it from getting more acute, as it undoubtedly would have done but for the safety-valve provided by the right of appeal to Geneva. Minority grievances have caused many wars in the past, including the greatest war the world has ever known. It is something that the League has kept the fires damped down since that war ended.

But unless the minority problem is to remain for ever insoluble, it is very necessary that the League should review, in the light of experience, its own attempts to solve it. The discussion will not be opened under the most encouraging auspices, for the mild scene between Dr. Stresemann and M. Zaleski at Lugano in December over the treatment of the German schools in Polish Silesia and the activities of the Deutscher Volksbund in that region have just been followed by the arrest of Dr. Ulitz, the Volksbund leader, on a charge of high treason. If, therefore, the League Council were proposing to examine minority questions forthwith *au fond*, the process might be accompanied by some little heat. As it is, there can be little doubt that a committee will be appointed to study the problem at leisure and report. There is, therefore, time to give some

considered attention to the situation as it exists in some seven or eight European countries to-day.

The first necessity in that connection is to distinguish between two opposing conceptions. A Canadian delegate, speaking at the First Assembly of the League in 1920, observed that whereas on his side of the Atlantic the whole aim was to absorb and assimilate minorities, in Europe the single aim appeared to be to maintain their separate individuality. The contrast is instructive, but there is no real basis of comparison, for minorities in America (other than the negro) went there of their own volition, whereas the whole essence of the European problem is that it has to do with populations transferred against their will to alien sovereignty. The justice of that transference need not be challenged. No doubt many frontier-lines were badly drawn in 1919, but they had to be drawn somewhere, and the result was bound to be the creation of minority problems of greater or lesser magnitude—though “creation” is a misleading term in this connection. The problems were not created by the Peace Treaties. Minorities existed before the war on a larger scale than after it. M. Briand’s statement of last September that where minorities in Europe numbered 100,000,000 in 1914, they number 20,000,000 to-day may need correction, but the movement has been in the direction he suggests. What has happened is that the problem has been metamorphosed politically and geographically. It exists to-day, for example, to the east of the German-Polish and Hungaro-Roumanian frontiers instead of to the west, and so elsewhere.

Assuming the inevitability of the existence of minorities—and short of a transplantation of populations on an unimaginable scale there is no escape from that—the minority treaties have made, on paper, reasonable provision for dealing with the problem. The minorities are to accept finally and legally their new nationality, and they are to be granted by the country of their new citizenship the right to worship as they will, to use their language freely in private and, to a large extent, for public and official purposes, and to have minority schools for their children provided at the cost of the State in any area where there is a substantial minority population. (The proportion needed to qualify for schools of this kind is not defined. Czechoslovakia, on the whole broadly-mindedly, has put it at 20 per cent.) Petitions by dissatisfied minorities may be presented to the League Council. These, after examination by the Secretariat, are referred to a sub-committee of Council members, who decide whether the complaint has sufficient substance to be brought before the full Council, which, in fact, it seldom is. Publicity, so often the League’s most effective weapon, is largely withheld where minority petitions are concerned.

If what is wrong is to be put right, so far as it can be put right, the different elements of the problem must be distinguished. It is unfortunate, no doubt, that there should be discrimination in this matter, some countries, notably Italy, to which alien populations have been transferred, being bound by no minority obligations at all. The Poles apparently intend to dwell on this injustice at the coming Council, but there is clearly nothing to be done about it. Italy cannot be coerced in respect of the Southern Tyrol, nor France in respect of Alsace. The other elements in the situation consist of the attitude of the minorities, the attitude of the Governments under which they live, and the action or inaction of the League Council. At present there are incontestably shortcomings in all three quarters.

To begin with the minorities themselves, the essential fact, to which few of them have fully reconciled themselves, is that they have been transferred permanently and finally

to a new sovereignty. If they do not like it they can migrate. If they stay, they must accept it and look forward, for themselves, their sons, and their grandsons, to being Poles instead of Germans, Roumanians instead of Hungarians, Czechoslovaks instead of Poles, and so forth—not, of course, by race, but by political allegiance. It is only so far as they accept that status loyally that they are morally entitled to claim the privileges, in the matter of religion, language, and education, that the minority treaties give them. A Government cannot be expected to look with favour on a section of its population suspected, sometimes with reason, of constituting a centre of disaffection, and one of the difficulties of the League is that it must avoid the danger of encouraging disintegration when the only hope for the future is gradual fusion and assimilation, or federation on the successful Swiss model.

But there is no doubt of the culpability of many of the Governments with minority populations within their borders. Sometimes out of malignity, at least as often out of ineptitude and incompetence, they apply a policy of repression or attempt a forcible fusion which fans old hostilities to flame instead of damping them down, and makes an irredeemable minority that might gradually have reconciled itself to a new allegiance. There, of course, lies the danger that appeal to the League was meant to avert. If Hungarians in Transylvania are to look to Budapest for help rather than Geneva, minority problems will expand inevitably into national hostilities. No one can deny that that is what is happening in far too many cases to-day. The supreme value of the minority treaties was that they made the protection of minorities an international concern, thereby depriving the country from which the minorities were severed of a just excuse for intervening on its own account in defence of the minority’s rights.

But that kind of national intervention can only be excluded if the international intervention is effective, and there is hardly a minority in Europe which considers it effective to-day. Somehow the League has got to mend its methods. But there has rarely been a case where carping criticism is easier and constructive criticism more difficult. At no cost must the League encourage separatism within a State. It must be as just to the Government as to the minority. It must keep in mind perpetually the ideal of a cohesive, not a divided, State.

One concrete proposal regarding procedure, as distinct from general attitude, is that a Permanent Minorities Commission should be created to advise the Council, on the lines of the Permanent Mandates Commission, which has so fully justified its existence. The great advantage of that would be that minority questions would be taken, in the first instance at any rate, out of the hands of Council members, who, as Government delegates themselves, can hardly help leaning a little to the side of the Government against the minority and who, in any case, are quite unable to give the necessary time to the minority petitions brought before them. On the other hand, it is not admissible that Governments should be open to be arraigned by a section of their own citizens before a League Commission. The external guarantee of minority rights involves, as it is, a certain derogation from full sovereignty, and the Governments concerned are not prepared to see that principle carried further. For that reason the Commission proposal is unlikely to be adopted. But somehow or other a *via media* must be discovered. Unless what to-day is merely a problem is to become a peril, the League must find a means of gaining the confidence of both the minorities and their Governments as it has not done so far. By the nature of the case it can never achieve full success, but it needs to improve on its present record.

H. WILSON HARRIS.



## BOREDOM IN THE O.T.C.

**T**HERE are many among all shades of opinion who hold it a primary duty to guard vigilantly against all means which tend to make war easy in the future. O.T.C.s and Cadet Corps, with their element of compulsory training for boys of the officer type, are therefore exposed to criticism on the ground that they are contrary to post-war ideals and to the spirit of the League of Nations. These institutions are being attacked with spirit, and defended with spirit. But they are chiefly criticized as institutions, and defended from the curious standpoint that their effect is to make boys anti-militarist. It is odd that, up to now, no one seems to have pointed out that somewhere there must be a flaw in this complacent attitude, and that the flaw seems to lie in the angle from which the problem is approached.

No boys enter Public Schools at 12-14 as confirmed militarists, but nobody doubts that a great many confirmed militarists leave our Public Schools. When they do, their characters have been moulded by their Public School—not by lessons alone, but by a series of individual responses on the part of the boys to symbols of power, honour, patriotism, and religion learned in the social atmosphere of their school life in which no one denies that the O.T.C. plays an important part. The O.T.C. ought, therefore, to be examined as carefully from the standpoint of the schoolboy who joins it at 12-14, without any confirmed convictions about the morality of warfare, as from the standpoint of the adult who regards it as an institution which incidentally teaches "deportment, leadership, confidence, and map-reading."

When the Corps is looked at from the standpoint of the boy, the notion that military service at school is in any sense parallel to joining the Glee Club, the School Orchestra, or the Natural History Society can be immediately dismissed. There is no fundamental parallel between learning how to kill one of the enemy by twisting a bayonet in his inside and learning how to sing a madrigal. Moreover, a boy who sings flat can retire from the Glee Club without incurring contempt, or can decide to sing softly without drawing anybody's attention to his infirmity. But a boy who is out of the straight line on the day of the Annual March Past, who is constantly out of step, or in trouble with his puttees, or presents arms clumsily and nervously when the General comes from Aldershot is a public object for ridicule and contempt. The degree of slovenliness involved in such misdeemeanour is obvious to everyone, not only to the boy's house-master and form-master, but also to the discerning eyes of school servants assembled on the playing fields to watch an annual ceremony. He feels that the whole school is disgraced by him. On the other hand, no one is disgraced when an insignificant boy's woodland rambles end in a humiliating drawer full of Red Admirals, and the music master alone goes home weary of soul when the basses have roared, the altos have shrieked, and the tempo has been hastened at the Annual Concert of the Glee Club. A schoolboy's honour and shame become *willy-nilly* associated with efficient and inefficient voluntary military service in a way that they can never be associated with the voluntary study of ants or of clarinet playing—however hard a Headmaster may strive to keep them separate.

Nor can the military effects of Corps work upon boys be dismissed as Mr. James Herbert dismissed them in *THE NATION* by saying that "there is no danger of the Corps making a boy into a fire-eater," because "most boys regard the whole business as something of a bore." By these two phrases he merely circuits two difficult and delicate topics, and so avoids the fundamental clash of issues which parents

at the moment are trying to disentangle. Boredom—as is not generally understood—is of the essence of service. A certain number of masters and the majority of boys in every school consider it worth while to put up with many long hours of boredom for the sake of the school Corps. But no boy is expected to put up with boredom in a voluntary rambling or debating club. It is a principal part of the importance attached to training of a military and religious kind that it makes boys bear with boredom and discipline. Military boredom may be regarded as service given for the sake of ideals socially held to be worthy in the school community, and for which "fire-eating" is not a just synonym.

From the point of view of the schoolboy, the Corps is not altogether the unpleasing experience that, on the surface, and, from the standpoint of adults, it appears to be. In an atmosphere of social pressure, in which certain ideals of service are held to be worthy, there is an element of narcissistic pleasure in being bored by military service, which deserves far more attention than it gets. The first term spent in the burning sunshine beside the school bathing pool learning to slope arms to the orders of an illiterate Sergeant-Major has its compensations in the finished product of a smart responsible cadet. By the second term the original boredom and degradation of being a recruit is replaced by pride of accomplishment in being able to drill well and to appear smart, creditable, and manly on parade. Most schoolboys from being, at fourteen, ashamed that they are bad soldiers, pass rapidly on to the second period in which, at fifteen, they are proud of the fact that they are good soldiers. The pleasures of personal service given to a military ideal are then tasted by boys in their most subtle, intimate, and least analyzable form; and the hold of these pleasures is none the less for being analogous to the hold which religious experience is at the same time gaining over the emotional make-up of a boy.

Neither schoolmasters nor schoolboys are likely to tolerate boredom for long periods unless they feel that they are getting personal satisfaction from their service or that their service is directed towards some end held to be desirable in the society in which they live. This is an unpleasant psychological fact with unpleasant logical consequences which ought not to be ignored. It therefore cannot be doubted that the Corps is used by a certain number of masters and boys in each school as a symbol of the delights of military prowess, in such a way as to breed in many boys the belief that the ultimate test of a nation's manhood lies in its military preparedness. Nothing to this effect need ever be said by anybody. The atmosphere is gradually absorbed and it is not long before boredom is counteracted in the imagination of at least some adventurous boys by the excitement of giving a real name to the imaginary enemy so often in their midst. It is enough for the purposes of this minority that Corps work should be regarded as a magnificent symbol of corporate, efficient school-life; that its ceremonial and chapel parades should be occasions when parents and sisters are present; that there should be bound up in it the honour of the school and the leadership of the house, the personal appearance of a boy, and duty towards God and country.

The boy who has learned to respond to military symbols on this varied scale may have learned a habit of response that he will never be able to throw off. In so far as his personal pleasure is concerned, he may have learned that—with a little care—he can cut a pretty figure in a neatly kept military uniform; that there is satisfaction to be derived from efficient behaviour on parade, and from the efficient use of arms. In later life this acquired personal vanity will make it difficult for him to withstand unjustifi-

able militarist propaganda. On a broader basis, he may also have learned never to question military duty, and that it is a despicable thing to be behind in offering oneself for military service. A potential soldier at school, unless something untoward in later life leads him to reflection, remains always a potential soldier, even though when the next war comes, he may be fit only to sit in a club armchair from which he will urge on others to fight. The existence of military training virtually compulsory for young boys raises a real moral problem which it may seem expedient to sidestep, but which it is cowardly to ignore altogether.

R. G. RANDALL.

## LIFE AND POLITICS

THERE is at Conservative headquarters, if what one hears is true, genuine alarm over the prospect. At the recent by-elections a certain loss of love was expected among the electors, but hardly that they should kick the Tory candidates downstairs. South Battersea especially was a severe and entirely unanticipated bump. Mr. Churchill, as the orator who is least hampered by measure and reticence, has been let loose on the platform in an attempt to stop the rot. The intemperance of his language provides some measure of the extent of the Tory panic. He compares the Liberal Party to a mad dog, and proceeds to light up the Red Peril with the crude flare of his rhetoric. It must occur to many people that it would be more decent if Mr. Churchill left abuse of the Liberal Party to someone else—"Jix," for example. A man who quitted that party for reasons not remotely connected with self-interest might perhaps refrain with advantage from the coarser type of criticism. I fancy that the Red Peril has been brought out of the cupboard a little too soon. It is not good business for Mr. Churchill to allow the country time to get over its terrors before the election, unless he knows that another Russian letter is on the way. I doubt myself whether in any case that cock will fight twice. Mr. Baldwin's real hope, it is clear, is that he may be saved by the young women electors. "Vote for Baldwin who gave you the vote" is the chosen slogan. Mr. Baldwin in a message the other day appealed to the young women to look at the Government's record. That was a mistake. Looking at the Government's record is precisely what no one should be invited to do whose help is wanted by the Government in May this year.

One is making no party point in saying that the record of Sir Austen alone is sufficient to make people of good will hope for a change of Government. In my time certainly we have not been afflicted with a Foreign Minister so maladroit. With the utmost rectitude and with a fixed expression of indignant virtue, he has plunged from one mess into another. Many Conservatives who think more of peace than of party have the same opinion of Sir Austen's performances as most Liberals. It is right that the new voters should look at the record whose outstanding entry is the mishandling of the naval agreement with France, which gave the Big Navy Party in America exactly the opportunity they needed. As the result of that unfortunate affair the prospect of an Anglo-American understanding over naval disarmament became definitely worse. As if things are not bad enough already, we now have the spectacle of Sir Austen publishing what amounts to a public rebuke of our Ambassador in Washington for speaking too hopefully of the imminence of a fresh effort by this country to negotiate on disarmament. There has been a bad blunder somewhere, and the result in America is likely to

be serious. The Americans do not understand niceties of ambassadorial deportment. The story one hears is that a remark of Sir Austen's at a private gathering of American correspondents was cabled to the States by one of them incorrectly, and misled Sir Esmé Howard into speaking too definitely. If that is so, Sir Austen can hardly be blamed for the blunder, but surely there was no need for him to rush in with a *démenti* which must be misunderstood in America as a definite setback to the great cause.

The new women voters are already being deafened by the clamour of competing slogans. The "flappers," absurdly so named, have by an electoral accident attained the pivotal point in the politics of the immediate future. Mr. Baldwin looks wistfully to the flappers to save the country—and Mr. Baldwin. Meanwhile, there is singularly little evidence of any serious and impartial attempt to enlighten the inexperienced new voters as to what are the issues on which they will be asked to have an opinion, perhaps the decisive opinion. For this reason I heartily welcome a little book called "The New Voter," by Harold Dore and J. A. McKinnell, which sets out with simplicity and detachment to blaze a trail for her through the strange land of party politics. She will find here, summarized within a hundred pages, an eminently clear account of what the parties stand for; what are the issues before us all; and how the party and Parliamentary machinery works. It is done with extraordinary detachment; I finished the pamphlet without having obtained any clue to the authors' political colour. I can assure the young woman who takes up this little book that she can trust to the fairness of her guides; they provide what is so rare in political literature, the materials for an opinion. I would point to the chapter on the alternative vote and P.R. as a model of lucid exposition of a difficult subject. The pamphlet contains incidentally an excellent if necessarily brief explanation of the profound change that has come over politics since the war through the predominance of economic questions.

Incomparably the most brilliant thing in the newspapers this week was Mr. Churchill's masterly sketch of Lenin. It is a passage barbed with hatred, and yet fair to the victim; or at least as fair as is consistent with such mention of his virtues as deepens the effect of sinister (political) wickedness. Mr. Churchill here employs all his art, and the portrait, whether true or not, is a triumphant success. Mr. Churchill the writer employs an extraordinary variety of devices. As I suggested last week, many of his effects suggest the translation into another medium, and not always happily, of platform rhetoric. He can be perfectly unadorned when he seeks a certain kind of effect; again, he uses at times and with curious success, a peculiar, staccato, oracular style. There is a series of jerky little sentences in this chapter which few but he would have ventured to write, or, having written them, would have escaped the ridiculous. Mr. Churchill is saved by sincerity: one feels he really feels like this about Lenin. He is, in a way, mad on the subject, and madmen often achieve effects of a happy audacity.

The presence of Lord Haldane in the Labour Ministry has always been difficult to explain. During his lifetime he did little to explain it, but a good deal of light is thrown on the subject in his posthumous memoirs. The usual guess was that Haldane threw in his lot with the MacDonald Government chiefly because he thought that it would do great things for adult education, the sphere in which he was most anxious at that time to apply his gifts or organization and direction. This evidently was



roughly the truth. In the event he was disappointed, and he makes it quite clear that for this and other reasons the experiment did not turn out well for him. He was uneasy among his new colleagues in the Cabinet, with whose views—or the views of the majority—on the Protocol and the Russian treaty and other policies he was emphatically out of accord. In the light of these revelations it is easy to understand why the Labour Party as a whole was less anxious to avail itself of his experience and advice than he had expected. He left behind him some caustic references to Mr. MacDonald as Prime Minister which cannot be pleasing to that very sensitive person, who is not conspicuous for excessive undervaluation of his own merits. There is a pervasive air of intellectual superiority throughout the confidences which is rather amusing than offensive. The simplicity is entirely disarming. I think the “plum” of the new stories in the book is Haldane’s account of his attempt to complete his “rationalization” of the Army by the reform of the Admiralty. Winston saw otherwise.

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Memories of old tramps and climbs in the Lakes returned as I read, with lively pleasure, of Professor Trevelyan’s splendid gift to the National Trust. How well I remember, after a generation, that quiet country of farm and fell at the head of the Langdale valley, as one passed through to breast the hill! In those days no one dreamed of the bungalow peril, but I gather that we have been saved from bungalowoid growths in the valley, and perhaps worse “development.” The gift is of a kind which one hopes will become common. The Langdale valley will belong to the public in the sense that it is saved from enclosure and building, but there is to be no interference with the farms. The place will remain just as it is now; free and open to the wanderer who is prepared not to trespass on the rights of others. There will be no restrictions so long as people follow the trampers’ code and close the gates and keep off the farmer’s grass. The Langdales have always been a favourite centre for climbing and walking, and now, as one makes one’s way (as I resolve to do again) to the Pass on the way to the heights, gratitude will be due and thankfully paid to Professor Trevelyan who has protected the way from ugliness all along the valley.

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I visited the British Industries Fair on the day that it opened, and trudged, in weariness of spirit, past many miles of shopwindows. I felt a pang of sympathy for the conscientious Royal personages who have the duty of looking at everything. That must be a prostrating task. There are acres of the same thing; one perambulator, for instance, may arouse a mild interest, but a vast hall full of perambulators! Still, the Fair is undoubtedly an impressive array of sound British workmanship, and I can well believe that buyers find it worth while to come to it from the ends of the earth. My only purpose in this note is to draw attention to an omission. The list of “light” industries is not, of course, complete, but why is it that a corner in the vast place is not found for British publishing? At Leipzig, if I am not mistaken, books are very much in evidence, but you can search the White City without finding a display of our literature, surely not the least of our “industries.” There is stationery, printing, and, I think, some technical books, but no literature. I should like to see this gap filled up, for when we are inviting people to London from all over the world surely the opportunity ought not to be missed of displaying our noblest wares for export.

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I fully sympathize with the indignant protest of Welsh members against the appointment of an Englishman as

postmaster at Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerechwyrndrobull-llandysiliogogoch. To begin with, what is he to do about the name? “Llanfair P.G.” is, after all, a mean Saxon evasion. It is really not fair.

KAPPA.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### THE PEACE PACT AND SEA PROBLEMS

SIR,—Senator Capper’s resolution is of great significance, because it indicates a much more rapid forward movement on the part of American opinion than might have been anticipated. That the far-reaching implications of the Peace Pact should not be immediately apparent was only to be expected, and it was not surprising, therefore, that the Senate debates on the Cruiser Bill and the Reed-Borah amendment itself, followed the traditional lines of pre-Pact thought.

But there are many influential Americans who realize that, in the light of these implications, the old arguments as to neutral *versus* belligerent rights have become largely obsolete, and who believe that any attempt at an agreement on the technical questions of blockade and contraband, viewed in isolation and without recognition of this essential fact, would not merely be doomed to failure, but would be entirely inapplicable to the present situation. In their judgment, what should be aimed at is not an agreement with regard to the revision of maritime law as a preliminary to the fructification of the Peace Pact, but rather that any such effort should take as its starting point the new conditions created by the Pact. That they consider the only hopeful road towards naval disarmament.

In an article recently published in the *NEW YORK TIMES*, Professor Shotwell has made an interesting contribution to the discussion of this subject. After pointing out that the success of the Washington Conference was due to the fact that “political factors dominated sea strategy,” he develops the argument that, as under the Pact war has ceased to be “the free prerogative of nations,” so neutrality has also changed its character. And he makes the point that the “benefits,” which the preamble declares shall be denied to a violator of the Pact, must obviously be denied by the neutrals. While no positive duties are imposed, this might certainly be taken to imply a modification of the old doctrine of neutrality.

With reference to what may be termed the gap in the Peace Pact—namely, the lack of any provision for an outside or impartial judgment to determine whether or not a nation is committing a violation of the Pact—Professor Shotwell makes a valuable constructive suggestion. This is to the effect that the procedure laid down in the Pact of the Pacific of 1922 for securing common judgment should be joined to the Pact of Paris. He says:—

“The first two articles of the Four-Power Pact are applicable to all problems of American policy, and, if applied generally, instead of in their present limited scope, would furnish the bridge between us and the organization of peace in Europe, without undue involvement on either side. All that would be called for would be that in the case of a controversy between the signatory nations, there should be ‘consultation’ in which the United States should participate. Neutrals, as well as potential belligerents, would ‘consult together.’”

And he suggests that the basis for the renewal of the Washington Conference in 1931 might well be some such agreement for consultation in case of an alleged violation of the Pact, with a view to determining questions of right.

This suggestion of Professor Shotwell’s is important for several reasons. First, it links the working of the Peace Pact directly with the problem of sea strategy, and would thus ensure a new line of approach to these difficult and highly controversial questions. Second, some such procedure would seem to be a natural, though not an absolutely necessary, preliminary to the adoption in any particular case of the embargo policy proposed in Senator Capper’s resolution. Cabled reports show that one argument now emerging in the discussion is that to impose on the President the duty of making a discriminative decision would be to throw on him too great a responsibility. Finally, it would go far towards removing the one admitted weakness in the Pact as it stands.

It may be recalled that Mr. Kellogg in his speech on

Armistice Day, while stating it as his view that a world tribunal to pronounce on the question of violation and to enforce punishment on the offender was not "practical" at present, also expressed himself strongly along a somewhat different line. He said that a nation claiming to act in self-defence must justify itself "before the bar of world opinion as well as before the signatories of the treaty," and that the mere claim of self-defence would not serve to justify a nation before the world. The question then arises, how is this world opinion to find the collective expression, which would render it truly effective and enable it to pronounce at least a moral judgment with no uncertain voice? The idea of consultation points a possible way. One thing is beyond doubt. America will be obliged to continue the search for an answer to this question until the answer is found.—Yours, &c.,

C. K. CUMMING.

February 18th, 1929.

## GERMANY IN POLAND

SIR,—It must be a source of gratification to the readers of THE NATION to read the Polish Foreign Minister's formal repudiation of Imperialist designs on East Prussia in the current number of THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS. This prepares the ground for a reasonable discussion of the grievances of the German Minority at the meeting of the League Council on March 4th. Without wishing to take sides in a problem whose amicable adjustment will tax the forbearance of both parties, I should like to draw attention to some salient points in what is undoubtedly a very difficult and delicate situation for Germany.

The crux of the disagreement is the position of the German Minorities in Poland. Two-thirds of the German population in the new Polish territory have already left on account of the various disabilities and persecutions they allege they had to suffer, and it is of considerable economic as well as sentimental importance to Germany that the remaining 600,000 should be enabled to live under tolerable conditions and preserve their cultural traditions. This aspect receives additional emphasis and urgency in that the German-speaking Austrians of South Tyrol are being relentlessly and forcibly Italianized, and that within the last few days the news has come from the U.S.A. that if the recommendations of the Senate Committee on Immigration are confirmed, the German quota this year will be reduced from approximately 52,000 to 24,000. In this way Germany's few remaining avenues for expansion are seriously narrowed.

Germany's two chief complaints are: *First*, that Poland, by enforcing her right of expropriation to the utmost limit, is mercilessly depriving her German subjects, mostly farmers, of their means of living, of their homesteads and their country: not only are they driven out, but the "adequate compensation" urged by the Geneva Agreement of 1922, as being due in cases of dispossession, has been reckoned by the Polish Government at the rate of 10 per cent. of the pre-war prices of land! When, therefore, for one reason or another, expropriation in certain cases is really advisable, Germany asks that at least an equitable compensation may be made.

*Second*, an elementary concession of all the Minority Treaties has been that the Minorities should be allowed to keep their own schools, churches, and other cultural organizations unhindered and unmodified, provided they do not inculcate disloyalty to the State. It is stated that the Polish authorities, by devious methods, put obstacles in the way of German children attending their own Minority schools, and so force Polish education upon them; and, further, that numerous instances have occurred where parents have been dismissed by their Polish employers, and have been fined by the police for insisting on their right to send their children to German schools. Just lately three German rectors of Minority schools have been similarly dismissed and Polish substitutes hustled into their places.

The friction caused by these tactics has created a very dangerous tension between the two countries: it is obvious that amicable relations can be maintained only by the strictest fulfilment by both parties of all the rights, duties,

and obligations which the various agreements and conferences have so strongly recommended as essential in the interest of a permanent peace.—Yours, &c.,

H. M. BELL.

Bayreuther Strasse, 3 (2), Berlin.

February 17th, 1929.

## "THE FRENCH IRELAND"

SIR,—By an oversight I left standing in my recent article a reference to articles by M. Gillouin "already mentioned," although I had struck out the previous mention of them. The articles in question are a series of Open Letters to a Deputy on the Question of Alsace which have appeared, to the surprise of everybody, in the *LIBERTÉ*. Their author, M. René Gillouin, who is Chef-adjoint de Cabinet to the President of the Paris Municipal Council, and a former pupil of the Ecole Normale Supérieure, has made a special study of the Alsatian question, and his articles, which are extremely well written, are quite the most valuable contribution to the solution of the problem yet published in France. M. Gillouin is a Catholic and a Conservative, but his treatment of the question is thoroughly objective, as is shown by his recognition of the fact that the religious question in Alsace-Lorraine is only secondary. He is in favour of decentralization for the whole of France, but, meanwhile, would at once give the Alsatians the management of their own local affairs through an elected "regional council," some of whose decisions, but not all, would require the approval of a High Commissioner appointed by the French Government and resident at Strasbourg.

I do not agree with every opinion expressed by M. Gillouin, and his proposed solution may not be perfect in every detail, but the great value of his articles is in their impartial exposition of the facts and their frank recognition of the impossibility of incorporating Alsace-Lorraine in the French centralized system. Unfortunately, as the vote that closed the debate in the Chamber shows, they have convinced very few of M. Gillouin's fellow-countrymen, whether or not they share his religious and political opinions in general. Indeed, his only supporters among French politicians are the Communists who in this matter are, by a strange paradox, the only representatives in France of the Liberal point of view.

The attitude of the other parties of the Left shows once more how much France suffers from the lack of a Liberal tradition. The French Radicals and Socialists are not Liberal, but Jacobin, and it would be impossible to find a better example of the purest Jacobin Chauvinism than M. Herriot's speech in the Chamber last Thursday. In his peroration, by the way, M. Herriot made the following interesting avowal, judiciously suppressed by nearly all the French papers, but faithfully reported in the *JOURNAL OFFICIEL*:—

"Did France lie when she promised Alsace-Lorraine that some day she would go and deliver her from the German yoke? No."

"N'en parlons jamais," M. Herriot!—Yours, &amp;c.,

ROBERT DELL.

February 11th, 1929.

## MR. WOOLF AND DEAN INGE

SIR,—Peace has not too many friends, and therefore when Mr. Woolf tries to range a powerful advocate of peace, as Dr. Inge undoubtedly is, amongst the supporters of war, it is necessary that a protest should be made not in the interests of the Dean who needs no one's help, but in the interests of Peace. Mr. Woolf speaks of "people like Dean Inge who sneer at attempts to eliminate the use of force in international or intercommunal relations." This seems to me a gross though, of course, unintentional misrepresentation of the Dean's position. I take the following extracts from one of the "Outspoken Essays" called "The Indictment against Christianity":—

"The argument that because war has always existed it must always continue to exist is justly ridiculed by Mr. Norman Angell. 'It is commonly asserted that old habits



of thought can never be shaken; that as men have been so they will be. That, of course, is why we now eat our enemies, enslave their children, examine witnesses with the thumbscrew, and burn those who do not attend the same church."

"War is a parasitic industry; and Christianity forbids parasitism. Nature has her own penalties for the lower animals which make this choice, and they strike with equal severity the peoples that delight in war. The bellicose nations have nearly all perished."

"We shall not exceed the limits of a reasonable and justifiable optimism if we hope that the accumulated experience of humanity and perhaps a real though very slow modification for the better of human nature itself may at last eliminate the wickedest and most insane of our maleficent institutions."

"The mills of God grind slowly, but the future does not belong to lawless violence. In the long run the wisdom that is from above will be justified in her children."

I commend the whole of this noble essay to your readers. It is impossible to read it without feeling that the Dean is a true friend to peace. Do not let us make a present of him to her enemies.—Yours, &c.,

CHAS. WRIGHT.

### "FORCE IS NO REMEDY"

SIR,—May I express my sincere admiration of the article written by Leonard Woolf?—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD LUPTON.

7, Victoria Street,  
Westminster, S.W.1.  
February 19th, 1929.

### LIBERALISM AND THE ROMAN CHURCH

SIR,—“Distrusting that Church profoundly (i.e., the Roman Church), regarding it indeed as potentially the most dangerous reactionary force in the modern world, we naturally regret any development which increases its influence in any country over anything.” Is not this paragraph from your article on “The Temporal Power” more like the utterance of some dissenting minister suffering from *odium theologicum* than that of the editor of a broadminded Liberal review? Reactionary! The word is being continually used as a slur, but is reaction from anarchy and atheism such as France witnessed from 1792 to 1795 and Russia is enduring now such a bad thing? Indeed, I think the whole world wants a little more of it, and I rejoice as a Catholic that what you call the Roman Church is likely to head it. Do not make a boggy of reaction or a fetish of so-called progress; both words can be misleading. You will not find social salvation for humanity if you put aside the powerful influence of the Church that looks to the Pope for guidance, regarding it as “dangerous.” They are doing that in Mexico now, and just witness the consequences. Italy under Mussolini in calling in the aid of the Pope is giving the world a better lead.

I have hitherto regarded myself as a Left Centre Liberal, as did, I believe, the late Marquis of Ripon and Lord Russell of Killowen, both sincere Catholics, and if I thought the extract I have quoted from your article represented the mentality of English Liberalism to-day, I should move rapidly to the Right; but, fortunately, I think it does not, and believe there is still room for Catholics in the Liberal Party, at any rate I hope so.—Yours, &c.,

CHAS. ROBERTSON.

Batworth Park, Arundel, Sussex.  
February 18th, 1929.

### "WOMEN AND THE HOSPITALS"

SIR,—Dr. Graham Little's point that the main obstacle to all the men's medical schools admitting women is the inability of the London (Royal Free Hospital) School of Medicine for Women to admit men is untenable. No one can force the men's schools to take women, and no one except Dr. Little could possibly argue that the question whether the L.S.M.W. could or could not take men would affect one way or the other the willingness of the men's schools to take

women. All of them have given other reasons for their attitude, and Dr. Little's statement in the *TIMES* that their unwillingness to take women was “consequent upon” the attitude of the L.S.M.W. is simply laughable to those who know any of the facts. And to do him justice I cannot conceive that when he voted to exclude women from his Medical School he would have voted differently had the women's school been able to take men.

Dr. Little has indeed no right to write of the London School of Medicine for Women's “attitude of objection to co-education” as he does. The facts are simple: long watchfulness over the interests of women in medicine has shown the Council of the School that when a man's school takes women they are not given (I do not want to impute blame, only to state the fact) any real chance of holding the higher post-graduate posts. This being so, there seems a need, to which its popularity testifies, for a women's school in connection with a hospital, the Royal Free, where women are given reasonable chances of this kind. If all schools disregarded the sex of their students, and following upon this there was no distinction in appointments, we should then have such complete equality of opportunity that (if we would be sure that the change of heart were permanent) a separate women's school might no longer be found necessary.

If, in fact, Dr. Little had wanted a phrase to express the attitude of this School to co-education it must have been “in favour” and not “in objection.” All the evidence given by the School before the Committee was in favour of co-education facilities, and we have always welcomed every extension of it.

There is a great amount of good will at work to try to arrive at a reasonable settlement of what is admittedly a very difficult question. This being so it seems a pity that Dr. Little should lay a false trail by his argument that all men's schools should admit women and that if they don't it is the fault of the school of which I have the honour to sign myself,

FRANCIS D. ACLAND,  
Chairman of Council.

February 19th, 1929.

SIR,—Dr. Graham Little rightly desires we should “deal with facts as they are.”

The Royal Free Hospital was formerly staffed by men only. To-day, ten of the staff are women. The Residential appointments are practically all held by women—recruited naturally from the women students. This is as it should be. The policy is plain, feminine, logical, and the Royal Free may well be proud of the distinguished position attained. There are, however, a limited number of women medical students for whom that hospital cannot at present provide the extra accommodation. The Elizabeth Garrett Anderson might offer an alternative. But for the distribution of twelve to Bart's, Guy's, and other hospitals, Dr. Graham Little would *disconcert* their tradition of centuries. The fact remains that co-education in these medical schools does not meet with the approval of the authorities, and is not likely to be sanctioned.—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD GILLBARD, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

36, Dean Road, Willesden Green, N.W.  
February 18th, 1929.

### A MAGISTRATE'S DICTUM

SIR,—I have just read, in the *MANCHESTER GUARDIAN* of February 15th, the following paragraph: “When a girl of fourteen and her sister, aged ten, admitted that they had stolen keys and other small articles to a value of 19s. 6d. from a bottle store, Mr. T. Fox, who presided over the Children's Court at Barnsley yesterday, expressed his regret that magistrates cannot now order girls to be flogged. ‘We cannot flog girls,’ he said, ‘I wish we could. I am a great believer in that. I would flog both men and women who do wrong.’”

Whether this is an opinion arising from an exceedingly anachronistic view of punishment or merely a case of magisterial sadism, the sentiment it stands for is more than deplorable. I should have thought that the question was far

more as to the advisability of flogging in any but the most extreme cases of even male juvenile offences; I am convinced that Mr. Fox's reactionary attitude is an extremely dangerous thing when invested with the magisterial powers he possesses, and I should like to protest very strongly against it.—Yours, &c.,

BASIL WRIGHT.

Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

## THE PRESENT POSITION OF LANGUAGE TEACHING

### II.—FRENCH

**I**F the position of the two ancient languages in the Public Schools is confused and paradoxical, the position of French is even worse. It may seem hard to blame the older classical teachers for what has befallen a different, and unfortunately in some respects a rival, subject, but if they had used their ability to make parents face facts when the cry for "more modern language teaching" became insistent instead of weakly lamenting the loss of their own privileged position, French teaching would not be attended by the confusion of thought and waste of time which too often characterize it to-day.

French teaching has passed through two phases in the last half-century, and it is now beginning a third. Sixty years ago French was barely recognized as having a place in the curriculum; that it was recognized at all was due to a tradition, lingering from the eighteenth century, that it was a gentlemanly accomplishment to be able to read French, and to take part in French conversation. In this respect, as in others, the middle and professional classes, who began to flood the public schools in the nineteenth century, jealously clung to what remained of the aristocratic traditions of the eighteenth. The actual teaching was largely left to the old-fashioned, "froggy" type of French master—harassed, grotesque, incompetent—a type still dear to the writers of conventional school stories. That much was accomplished of any real educational value it is impossible to believe. The most that can be said is that very little time was wasted.

The next stage, marking a great extension of the time allotted to French, started with the foundation of the "modern sides," the demand for which showed that people were vaguely dissatisfied with the old classical-mathematical monopoly. Although the division into "modern" and "classical" is fundamentally false, and has done infinite harm, it was a great opportunity for making clear exactly what French teaching really ought to effect, and, above all, what relation the teaching of French, which was presumably the principal language of the modern sides, should bear to the teaching of Latin—for Latin usually could not be dropped, if only on account of external examinations. The opportunity, however, was for the most part neglected, and the purpose of modern sides remained vague. As regards formal language training, French sometimes took over the work hitherto done by Latin, more often the same kind of work was wastefully duplicated. If the teachers of modern languages believed at that time that French and German literature could provide, in their hands, a training in any way equivalent in cultural value to that provided by Greek and Latin literature, in the hands of their classical colleagues, they should have boldly relegated Latin, if they were obliged to keep it, to a subordinate position. If they were doubtful, as in their case they might well be, of their ability to provide such a literary education from modern languages, they should have avowedly made English their chief literary subject, and taught French and

German mainly from a utilitarian standpoint. Unfortunately, these questions were hardly ever honestly faced and answered, and modern sides remained, as they were founded, less a positive means of constructing a rational system of education, than a negative means of contriving an escape for the failures and rebels of the classics.

The trend of opinion which demanded, rather unreflectingly, the establishment of modern sides, demanded also that French should be taken seriously as a compulsory subject on the classical side. "Seriously" is perhaps hardly the right word. For a number of reasons the tradition on classical sides has often been to regard French as a mild form of work, or even as an opportunity for amusement. But whatever the difficulties of applying the scheme might be, there is no doubt what French on classical sides ought to have aimed at. Knowing that only a few hours would be available—not enough in any case to allow a wide reading of French literature—headmasters should have boldly cut down the time spent on the subject to the minimum which would enable a boy to read fluently of an ordinary French book of history, or science, or travel. That may sound a very limited aim, but it would have been a practicable and extremely useful one. As a rule, however, "classical" French has been as chaotic as "modern." Too much time has been given for mere practice in translation, and not enough for any literary work of value. All the old formal work familiar in Greek and Latin lessons has been repeated, only with a little less accuracy and a little less conviction of its importance.

The third phase is marked by two movements which have made the situation still more complicated; they are the demand for "commercial French," and the coming of the so-called "direct method."

The demand for commercial French means, among other things, that when a boy leaves school he should be able to express himself correctly in ordinary conversation. It is a demand for the spoken word, not as a method of learning the language, but as a result of learning it. In this connection one practical point is often forgotten. No boy will learn to *speak* French so quickly at school as he will if suitably placed abroad. The case of poorer parents is different, but parents who can afford to send a son to a Public School can afford to send him for a short time to France, and to such boys the course most economical of time and money would be to save the time at school for other subjects, and for the boy to leave school a year earlier, and spend four months of intensive work in France.

Far more important in its effect upon the teaching of French has been the arrival of the so-called "direct method." Probably its main principles are by now more or less familiar to parents—that the teaching should from the first be actually given in French, that the pupil should be taught to "think in French," that translation should be deferred until the later stages. The addition of this novel ingredient to the existing hotch-potch made the mixture more exciting if not at once more wholesome. These remarks are certainly not intended as an attack upon the direct method as such, but with regard to its introduction into the Public Schools, people should understand both its just claims and its inevitable limitations. The name itself is misleading; the "direct method" is the name not so much of a new *method* of teaching an old subject, as of an entirely new conception of the subject itself. "The chief linguistic aim of any sound method of foreign language teaching" is stated by one of the best known exponents of the direct method to be "one that will give the pupil a real command of the language . . . differing not in kind but only in degree . . . from his command of his mother tongue." Has anything like this ever before been claimed



(at any rate since the Renaissance) as the aim of foreign language teaching for pupils of normal ability?

It is clear that to apply this method to the conditions of the Public Schools is extraordinarily difficult; it may also easily lead to ludicrous results, and in some cases has already done so. In the first place, can either the classical or the modern side afford the extra time? If a boy could start French at his preparatory school on the direct method at the age of eight or nine, and carry it on consistently, it is probable that by the end of his first year at the Public School he would be so far advanced that he could derive great cultural value from the subject in the time already allotted to it. As things are, however, that is impossible. Wherever else we may find the highly skilled teachers who are required for this method, we shall not find them in the preparatory schools; nor in existing economic conditions is that fact at all surprising.

One is forced to the conclusion that so long as the teaching of French at preparatory schools is carried on by traditional methods, the direct method should be ruled out altogether from the Public School. When boys have been learning the language by one method for three or four years, to try to acclimatize them to a totally different one is bad economy of time and knowledge, and often extremely discouraging. In practice it means that, unless the teachers are particularly resourceful, boys of fourteen or fifteen spend their lessons babbling French sentences which are appropriate to children of nine or ten.

Still more ludicrous can be the results when the French teachers of a Public School are divided, some preferring and some rejecting the direct method. I have known a boy find himself one term in a form in which grammatical accuracy is subordinated to fluency or correctness of idiom and the next under a master who pronounces vilely, but is rabid on points of grammar. There are all the makings of a pretty conflict here, but on the unfavourable ground which a Public School offers the modernist is apt to have the worst of it. He cannot help realizing that much of the work which he is doing ought to have been done at the preparatory school. He is uneasily aware that from the sophisticated Public School boy only the most alert and incisive teacher can obtain any real mental effort in the early stages of the direct method. The enemy's taunt that a boy has only to smile and say "Oui, monsieur," at the right moment, may be grossly unfair; the faculty psychology of the old mental gymnasts was certainly bad psychology. Still the ethical result of successful application under the old methods of language teaching was not altogether to be despised.

To criticize existing conditions without offering any positive suggestion is always ungenerous and commonly useless. Having called attention to what appear to me the unfortunate features of the present position, I feel bound to suggest at any rate two measures by which that position could be improved:—

(1) On classical sides of the existing type, the time given to French should be reduced to the bare minimum necessary to enable boys to read French books of ordinary difficulty for the sake of their subject matter. For older classical boys who wish to give any time to science or art, even this amount of French should not be compulsory.

(2) On modern sides, so long as they are allowed to continue in their present form, the method of teaching French should at least be consistent. If Latin is retained, there must be no doubt as to whether it is taught primarily for literary or linguistic reasons, or as a mere examination subject, and the methods of teaching both French and Latin must be decided accordingly.

JAMES HERBERT.

## WEST KENSINGTON

"Fulham it is—and Fulham it always will be."  
"The Man in the Street." L. N. Parker.

NOT far outside living memory, the peninsula formed by the bending of the River in its curve from Hammersmith to Putney was no better than an unwholesome fen. In those days you could, with a raven's feather, brush up enough wicked dew from it to drop on all your enemies. Here was a repository for dark things and for dead things. Should a sailor, generous but thoughtless, have brought you home a heathen idol, which tormented you with its curses, here you could throw it away, certain that its malevolence would have ample food. This was more particularly so if the idol's taste was for poisoned and unburied cats. The river mist meeting the coal fog of London at about this point, murder and suicide were most conveniently shrouded and could here be most conveniently executed.

Travellers to the West Road from the South, taking the North End Lane (and passing what had once been Mr. Samuel Richardson's commodious villa), would leave the district on their left and shudder at its horrid aspect. Through it ran a turbid stream which, as it emptied in dry weather, revealed a mausoleum of broken wine bottles and domestic china. Rats, of the noble English variety, picked up a precarious living, throughout the spaces of this extensive midden—and it was here that they built—West Kensington.

I am ignorant of the name of its architects or of the exact date of its building. I first knew the place in the year 1899, when one emerged, choking with the fumes of a sulphurous Underground, and made one's way through the mist of a gas-lit booking hall into its incongruous streets. West Kensington must have had at least three architects. Dominating them was the gentleman who built, in the Bayswater style, long rows of stuccoed houses with porticos and deep areas and flat roofs with parapets. The second covered a large area with another and a smaller type, built of grey brick with some elegancies in the way of painted stonework. These, if I remember, had small patches of earth behind their front railings where the laurel and the privet flourished, which had their uses for both dog and cat. Still another expressed himself solemnly in red brick. But they had one thing in common, these architects, they built to pretensions which were never to be fulfilled.

It was a time, you will remember, when there was still a great snobbery preached in the matter of London neighbourhoods. The address on your visiting card had a very direct relation to your social position. The hired butler in "The Man from Blankley's" (I may have the wrong play, but it was of the period) made us all laugh when he told his *nouveau riche* employer that he had hitherto been in service always—"on the right side of the Park." Does anyone, to-day, solemnly care on which side of the Park he lives, except for the convenience and aspect of his dwelling? If there are any such it is at least a comfort to believe that very few people are conscious of them or their opinions. But in the days when West Kensington was built these things mattered greatly. How could this pretentious new area, designed largely to house respectability at £700 a year, bear the stigma of its real name Fulham? So its *entrepreneurs* stole the name of a Royal Borough, from which they were some distance divided, and nobody believed them, and nobody ever has believed them, and nobody ever will.

Something of the punishment of exposure must have fallen on the place from the first. For how many years, I wonder, has the name been a sneer on the lips of the play-

wright and the novelist? But those jibes we could bear with and laugh at—much as the real suburbans, who are the main support of the theatre, become almost hypergelastic over the supposed gaucheries or affectations of Croydon or Streatham. We did not mind a little chaff about our sixpenny whist and our musical evenings, but what we did mind was expressed in the whispered fear that the place was not quite all it should be in the way of respectability.

For the business man and the professional man of good substance did bring his large family to those roomy and inconvenient houses, attracted by the fact that the neighbourhood was in walking distance of a great school and a great university. But when he came home at night he would confide to his neighbour his dread that the place was "going down." Boarding houses were increasing, brass plates were appearing on the area railings not exclusively advertising the medical profession. One, I remember, had to do with massage and electrolysis. To this day I do not know what electrolysis may mean. Another was of a Madame Emma who designed Robes. The legend was unpunctuated, and I wondered who Madame Emma Robes might be, and why she should need such a very large brass plate.

I was very young when I first began to be conscious of the characteristics of the place. I see it all now, as I saw much of it then, through the cracked mantel of an incandescent gas lamp. The streaks that fell on disreputability may not have been very many, but they often revealed things startling and rather terrifying to a carefully nurtured child.

One day I came upon a fat and seemingly respectable lady having a fit upon her own doorstep. I was told that she had once been a famous actress and was given to hysterics. I have since guessed what she was also given to, poor old thing, but even then I became aware that it was infamous conduct even for an actress to shriek and wriggle outside her house. It was a slur on the neighbourhood—and we could afford no slurs. It always harboured the strangest mixture of human elements, this pinchbeck suburb. In the same street there would be a family of Todgers struggling with the aid of one slatternly servant to manage a house now probably converted into four commodious flats; next door to them a prosperous stockbroker or lawyer, whose railings were painted anew every spring, whose door-knocker and letter-box were daily polished; there was the house of the lady with the bright complexion whose uncle was so assiduous in bringing his nightly gift of expensive flowers; there was the house of the Colonel (Retired) who, purely as a hobby, took in Army candidates at 2s. 6d. an hour; there was the boarding-house for musical students, where pianos rattled at every hour of the day and night; and there were houses, many of them, whose doors opened and shut to the latchkeys of quiet anxious folk who went daily on their way, no one knew where, to their endless battle against respectable poverty.

Does such a poverty still exist so grotesquely housed? There was a family of four, father, mother, and two children, of whom it was said that they eked out their larder by sending under different names for samples of patent foods, then so freely offered. Their house was big enough for the purposes of a fair-sized boarding school. There was another of the same sort, to which I was bidden, the house of a schoolfellow of mine, where the incandescent burner was more than usually cracked, and where I was first introduced to feminine invalidism—at least to the spectacle of an untidy woman wrapped in that horrible garment called a tea-gown, lying in a crumpled condition on a sofa, grasping a bottle of sal volatile. She did not pay much attention to her son or to me, but coughed a great deal and poured out

a stream of complaints to a man in a fawn coat, who merely yawned. I am afraid she excited no pity in me, merely an involuntary wringing of the stomach muscles.

And our pinchbeck society in its lighter moments gathered in their enormously wide drawing-rooms and played progressive whist at bamboo tables, followed by coffee and cakes and cheap whisky and recitations, accompanied by the most impressive *arpeggios* on the pianoforte (a pleasant orchestral effect being produced by the clinking of the silver photograph frames on the piano lid)—and here I pause to note that I am doing precisely what I intended not to do, which is to draw the familiar, easy caricature of this little world which has been grist to the mill of every farce writer for two generations.

Rather than that I would stress the struggles and the tragedies of the place. Why out of my own comfortable home I should ever have observed them, I do not know, but I still feel as if those unutterably ugly streets were built on a kind of dung-hill of despair. They were betwixt the honest poverty of stricken slums that surrounded them and the cheerful new suburbs of moderate-sized houses with gardens and tennis courts that lay just beyond. They represented the dying gasp of an ambition to live in "town" and be of it and pay half the price for it. To this ambition were sacrificed air, light, open spaces, and any convenience in domestic architecture. I see it all as a failure, sapping the energy and resilience of those who lived there. Symbolical to me are the little tin plates which hung outside some of the houses announcing that on no account would canvassers, hawkers, or bottles be entertained. Foolish boast! Had it really been Kensington, perhaps that warning would have been respected, but being in truth Fulham, hawkers and canvassers openly disregarded it. Nor, as far as I recollect, did the bottles take much notice either.

J. B. S. B.

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

WHILE the music of some composers demands that its executants shall play it in one way, and in one way only, otherwise its precise meaning will be destroyed or at least distorted out of all recognition, that of others is susceptible of many diverse interpretations. The former might be compared to painting in that it can only be looked at from one side—from the front—whereas the latter is, as it were, three-dimensional, like sculpture, and can be approached from various angles, each of which reveals an entirely different, though equally authentic and legitimate, aspect of it. It is possible, for example, to imagine the ideal rendering of a work of Mozart, though we may perhaps never have had the pleasure of hearing it, but no one is entitled to say, with absolute certainty, exactly how some of Beethoven should be played; at best we can only indicate a personal preference. A good example of the remarkable divergence of conception possible in interpreting Beethoven was afforded by the piano recitals which Lamond and Schnabel gave recently within a few days of each other. The former, on the whole, tends to give us the conventional reading of the heroic Beethoven, defying the bludgeonings of fate, with head bloody but unbowed; Schnabel, on the contrary, intellectualizes him, imparting a subtlety and profundity to even quite commonplace passages, without, however, giving the impression that he is in any way "reading into" the music something of his own, something that was never intended by the composer. Both conceptions, in fact, are fully justified; each represents a different aspect of the composer's genius. If one must give the preference to that of Schnabel it is not so much because we are rather tired of what we might call the full-face Beethoven and prefer a less hackneyed point of view, but rather because he is the greater artist of the two. This implies no disrespect to Lamond, who is undoubtedly a fine player; there are few,



if any, pianists since the death of Busoni who would not similarly suffer in a comparison with Schnabel. Hofmann alone may conceivably be his equal, but he certainly has no superior among living pianists.

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The most interesting feature of the series of concerts for chamber orchestra given during the last few months by Miss Dorothy Erhart at the Mortimer Hall, has been the performance of a large number of works by English composers of the seventeenth-eighteenth centuries—Purcell, Arne, Boyce, Locke, and others. Many of these works have lain neglected and unperformed on the dusty shelves of libraries since the time when they were written, their very existence known only to a few scholars, and Miss Erhart has done excellent work in resuscitating them. One can have too much of a good thing, however; it must regretfully be admitted that *en masse*, English music of this period is apt to pall on one, apart from that of the undisputed master of them all, Purcell, of whom we can never have too much. With more experience Miss Erhart should make a good conductor; she knows her scores well, but at present gives the impression of following the orchestra with her beat rather than of leading it, and of accepting the players' conceptions rather than of imposing her own upon them.

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"Black Velvet," by Mr. Willard Robertson, which was acted last week at the Arts Theatre Club, is a study of the relationship between negroes and whites in the Southern States, but viewed from an angle which is rapidly becoming obsolete. To rule fairly and decently, says the owner of a large plantation, the white man must be master. There can be no question of equality, for the negro, though no longer a slave, has not yet shed the shackles of slavery which make him unreliable if not carefully watched. This robs the play of any universal aspect, since it is a hypothesis that, even if still tenable, is not the one which is exercising the minds of those who are interested in the subject. But within this limitation it is a carefully worked-out study of human nature, balanced in its detail and logical in its conclusions. The production was essentially an approximation to actuality, but on the whole successful. Mr. Frank Cellier gave a magnificent performance as the plantation-owner, true throughout to its Victorian type. Mr. George Elton successfully desentimentalized a counterpart of Uncle Tom.

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Smash china on the stage and your play will be a success. In "Mr. Cinders," the new musical comedy at the Adelphi, breakages occur at regular intervals, and as all the damage is done with wit and nicety by Miss Binnie Hale and Mr. Bobbie Howes, the management will, no doubt, be recouped for what must be quite a considerable item of expenditure. But what attracted me most about this entertainment was that the lovers were also the chief comics, so that when things began to cloy one was always sure that clowning would shortly ensue. Miss Hale, in particular, was so funny at times that it seemed impossible that she would be able to regain the sympathy of that astounding section of the audience who take their musical comedy pleasures seriously. But to judge from the applause she succeeded every time.

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The film version of Conrad's "The Rescue" (at the New Gallery Cinema) is at least an honest attempt to tell the story of the book without much film embroidery or perversion, without even, as one would have expected, the introduction of a "happy ending." Certainly the producer was not able to resist adding a good deal of quite uncalled-for "oriental glamour" to the scenes at the headquarters of the Rajah Belarab, or emphasizing considerably the love scenes between Lingard and Mrs. Travers. But on the whole it is a restrained and sensible production, and the story is well related and well photographed. Its worst fault is in the acting; Mr. Ronald Colman does not come within miles of a satisfactory or convincing portrayal of that remarkable and fascinating character Tom Lingard,

and Miss Lili Damita, with none of the dignity of Mrs. Travers, turns her into a very ordinary Hollywood "vamp," which she by no means is. The smaller, and no doubt much easier, parts are well acted, and all the details of crowds and of settings are excellently contrived. The producer's greatest achievement is that he has managed to get into the film a certain amount of the atmosphere of mystery and space of Conrad's story; this is partly due to the sensible practice he has followed of taking many of the titles direct from the book.

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The Macpherson Collection of Maritime Pictures (which, through the generosity of Sir James Caird, has been secured for the nation and is to be housed in the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich) has been placed on view for about a month at the Whitechapel Art Gallery. There are here about a hundred paintings and over two hundred prints, many of which have an artistic, as well as a historical and technical interest. Among them are pictures by the two Van de Veldes, Van de Capelle, Monamy, Dominic Serres, &c. There are also a number of portraits and some interesting ship models. Maritime subjects are also to be found among the work of M. Raoul Dufy, of which an exhibition is being held at Messrs. Tooth's Gallery, 155, New Bond Street, including both oil paintings and water-colours. M. Dufy is by nature a water-colourist; in this medium his liveliness and spontaneity, his gift of seizing a sudden, momentary aspect of his subject, find their best expression. He is apt to carry his water-colour technique into oil, where it is less successful. Some of his more fully worked out compositions in oil, however, still retain a lightness and freshness of touch which give them considerable charm—such, for instance, as "Fontaine": the large "Intérieur" is an interesting design, but too hot in colour to be attractive. There are one or two early works here which show M. Dufy as a conscientious, rather dull painter before he had developed his brilliant individual style.

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Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, February 23rd.—

Orchestral Concert for Children, Central Hall, 11.

British Women's Symphony Orchestra Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.

Children's Theatre: New Programme.

Sunday, February 24th.—

Mr. C. Delisle Burns, on "Aristocracy," South Place, 11.

"The Likes of 'Er," at the Arts Theatre.

Monday, February 25th.—

Backhaus Recital, Queen's Hall, 8.

Lord Reading and Mr. Augustine Birrell, at the Eighty Club Dinner, Frascati Restaurant, 7.

Tuesday, February 26th.—

City of London Choral Union Concert, Central Hall, Westminster, 8.15.

"King Saul," played by the Caldecott Community, Rudolf Steiner Hall, 3 and 8.30.

"The Rebel Maid," at the Scala (G. W. R. Operatic Society).

Lord Halsbury and Mr. Philip Kerr, on "Modern War and the Alternative," Kensington Town Hall, 8.30.

Wednesday, February 27th.—

Miss Christabel Pankhurst, at the Æolian Hall, 8.

Eleanor Marshall, Song Recital, Grottrian Hall, 9.

Thursday, February 28th.—

Mr. T. Sturge Moore, reading his own poems, Poetry Bookshop, 6.

Miss Maude Royden, on her World Tour, The Guildhouse, 8.

Tannhauser, at the Old Vic, 7.45.

"Red Rust" (from the Russian), at the Little Theatre.

Dr. Robert Bridges, on Poetry, the Wireless, 9.20.

Friday, March 1st.—

B.B.C. Symphony Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.

Louis Godowsky, Violin Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.

OMICRON.

## THE WORLD OF BOOKS

SPENGLER

THE first volume of the translation of Spengler's vast work appeared in the middle of 1926 and was discussed rather apologetically in these columns. To criticize in 1,000 words a work of immense erudition which is contained in two volumes of over 250,000 words each—and to criticize it when one has read only the first volume—needs some apology. Yet, as was said at the time, the presumption was not quite as great as it seemed, because Spengler puts all his cards on the table in his first volume, and it was possible to tell, by the time you had got to the end of it, whether he was to win or lose the game. This view is confirmed now by the publication of the second volume: "The Decline of the West; Vol. 2, Perspectives of World-History," by Oswald Spengler, translated by Charles Francis Atkinson (Allen & Unwin, 21s.). It is more interesting than the first, for it is more historical and less wildly speculative, but it does not add anything material to Spengler's main thesis by which he must stand or fall. It shows him to be a man of immense historical erudition and brilliant historical imagination, both of which qualities or gifts he ultimately misuses in the most perverse and irritating manner. His gigantic and violent generalizations are examples of that pseudo-scientific, semi-mystical, unconscious quackery which is so common in the twilight world of declining Western civilization and produces every type of prophet and sage with their cosmic revelations from Spengler and Steiner to Count Keyserling, and from Mr. D. H. Lawrence and Mr. Wyndham Lewis to Mr. Lothrop Stoddart and Mr. Middleton Murry.

Spengler's main thesis is that there is always a cycle of Cultures predetermined by destiny and uninfluenced by "cause and effect." History is the result, therefore, of destiny, not of cause and effect. Each Culture is a virgin birth and is not due to anything in past history. Each follows its predestined course of vigorous spring time, flowering and fruiting, decay and death. History is thus continually repeating itself in minute detail, so that the replica of the democratic age in which we Europeans, or as he calls us Faustians, are now living, will be found exactly reproduced in the classical civilization of Rome and Greece, in the Magian of the Arabs, in Egypt, and Crete, and China. Nothing that men can do will alter the inevitable unfolding of such events, for "life" and thought have nothing to do with one another, and history is "life" and "partly conditioned by major astronomical relations."

His generalizations are worked out with extraordinary wealth of historical illustration. His method is a bewildering mixture of brilliant analysis, reckless assertion, and dogmatic mysticism. His analysis of a particular stage of a particular civilization or his comparison of one era with another or his disquisitions on race, language, or money are sometimes of the greatest value owing to his genius for historical speculation. But the whole book is blurred and perverted by mystical quackery, by what seems to be almost deliberate muddle-headedness, and a deep-seated inability to play fair intellectually. It would be an interesting task to unravel the strands of this mystic and muddled quackery which run right through the tangle

of Herr Spengler's theories, but it would also be a very long one. Here it is possible to unwind only a whisp or two.

\* \* \*

The opposition of "life" to "thought" is a very good example of his cavalier methods with truth. He maintains that there is an opposition between the unconscious, plant-like living of individuals and masses and waking-consciousness or intellect. History is determined by "life," not by intellect. "Life" is found not only in unintellectual individuals, like peasants, but also in the souls of "beings of a cosmic order," i.e., peoples, parties, armies, and classes. It is life, plant-like individuals, and beings of the cosmic order which carry on the great events of history, and in history and politics the only people who produce any effect are the practical men and statesmen who instinctively "understand" life and pay no attention to thought or intellect and who "have a sure and penetrating eye" for the mass-souls of peoples, armies, and classes. Those are the great periods of Cultures and history in which people simply "live" and dominated by destiny move instinctively along their own predestined path; civilization, the final and decaying stage of a culture, is a period in which men think instead of living.

\* \* \*

In this tangle there are, no doubt, strands of truth, but for the most part it is fustian woven of half-truths, mystic quackery, back-to-naturism, supermanism, and Nietzsche. Herr Spengler is quite at liberty to define something as "life" and something else as "thought," but then he must stick to his definitions. This is the last thing that he does. He is soon, like all mystics, confusing his verbal meanings and importing all kinds of ordinary implications and suggestions into his word "life." There is no reason at all to believe that Archimedes, Shakespeare, Newton, or the gentleman who invented double-entry book-keeping lived less or were less close to life, in the ordinary sense, than a man who herds swine. A plough is not more real or actual or natural than an aeroplane, and though the man who uses a plough may be more like a cabbage than the man who uses an aeroplane, that does not mean that he has more life in him. The products of Napoleon's activities were more startling than those of Bentham, but they were no less artificial, and their actual effects were probably less permanent. Herr Spengler obtains his mystical confusion partly by identifying the primitive with the "natural" in the crudest eighteenth-century manner, and partly by ascribing to violence and stupidity a peculiar actuality and reality. In the end what he calls life and reality turn out to be simply war. "A people," he says, "is, really, only in relation to peoples. But the natural, 'race,' relation between them is for that very reason a relation of war—this is a fact that no truths avail to alter. War is the primary politics of everything that lives, and so much so that in the deeps battle and life are one, and being and will-to-battle expire together." But for all these tremendous assertions we are given no proof at all, only the bare statement *ex cathedra* of Herr Spengler. What Herr Spengler calls a fact in the sentence just quoted is really only his own assertion, which, with the sublime arrogance of the mystic, he tells us "no truths avail to alter"!

LEONARD WOOLF.



## REVIEWS

## LORD HALDANE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Richard Burdon Haldane (Lord Haldane of Cloan). An Autobiography. (Hodder & Stoughton. 25s.)

A READING of Lord Haldane's Autobiography both increases one's respect for the writer and enables one the better to understand certain things that are rather puzzling in his career. The mere list of the activities which he records with the matter-of-fact air of their being all in the day's work leaves one gasping. Was there ever such industry combined with such benevolent zeal for human welfare? Law, politics, administration, philosophy, education, seem to have been all one to him; he was the greatest War Secretary of our time, a leading legal reformer, a peripatetic missionary for secondary and university education, and an unfailing friend in need, who was ready to spend hours in unravelling any difficulty or perplexity brought him by a friend. When he wanted light relief from his other laborious occupations, he started to write a book on the Einstein theory and to learn the mathematics necessary for that purpose. If I had to sum him up in one word I should call him the most *helpful* man in our time. His willingness to help both causes and individuals at whatever sacrifice to himself made one think of him always with affection and deep respect.

And yet undoubtedly he had certain qualities which irritated other people. Campbell-Bannerman called him "Master Haldane," and thought him far the worst of the Liberal Leaguers and Imperialists who had troubled his peace during the Boer War. He saw him working behind the scenes, preparing plots and traps, padding softly up the backstairs. This was to misjudge him, but he certainly did like to move in a mysterious way, and he was never happier than when entrusted with a confidential mission, as, for example, when he went all muffled up at midnight to visit Cardinal Logue on a secret errand from Mr. Balfour. The subject of this midnight talk was nothing more sensational than Irish University education, but the circumstances gave it the glamour of a conspiracy. This was an innocent foible which dogged him all his life. His visit to Berlin in 1912 concerned more important matters than university education, but there again it was his reputation as the mystery man which invested it with suspicion, and made a perfectly proper and straightforward proceeding the subject of malicious comment. So with "the military conversations" of 1906. It was the fact that Haldane was engaged in them which so greatly heightened the suspicions of his old opponents in the Liberal Party.

Then again he seemed to take a rather wilful pleasure in differing from his party. In this book the memories that he recalls with most zest are memories of these differences; differences with Mr. Gladstone about Land Purchase; differences about the South African war; differences about the Education Bill of 1902; differences about the formation of the Liberal Government in 1905. He really was very easy to work with, as he abundantly proved in his great work at the War Office, but he liked to make himself out unbending and uninfluenceable; ploughing a solitary furrow on lines laid down entirely by himself.

This last characteristic appears unconsciously in his story of the part which, together with Sir Edward Grey, he played at the formation of the Campbell-Bannerman Government in December, 1905. It will be remembered that after declaring their intention not to join the Government unless Campbell-Bannerman went to the House of Lords, he and Sir Edward were prevailed upon to reconsider their decision, and that they eventually came in. It was a highly honourable act on both their parts which needs no apology. But Haldane is greatly concerned in his narrative to show that he was not, as was supposed at the time, influenced by Sir Arthur Acland, but that his decision was entirely his own after conferring with one or two intimate friends. Thus the conference at Acland's flat which had the appearance of deciding the matter becomes a mere incidental in Haldane's narrative. "We had promised to call on Acland at about half-past seven," he says, as if this "call" were an unimportant part of the day's proceedings.

The matter is of no great importance and, of course, no

one but Haldane is in a position to say by what or by whom he was influenced. But one thing, I think, is certain. But for Acland's intervention, Haldane would have had no opportunity for reconsideration of what had seemed to be his irrevocable decision to stay out. If the door was left open after that, it was on the understanding that Acland would make this effort, and, but for that, it would have been closed. It was, perhaps, fortunate that Campbell-Bannerman was unaware that Haldane had taken King Edward into his confidence in this matter, or the difficulty of reopening it would have been greater. At the time we were all thinking of the effect on party prospects if Grey had stayed out—Haldane in those days was less important—but in the light of after events, one thinks of the momentous consequences which might have followed, if Acland had not been available that afternoon, and Grey had not gone to the Foreign Office and Haldane to the War Office. There are moments when great events seem to hang on a thread of accidental circumstances. The strange story of Mr. Churchill's butting in just when Haldane had imagined himself about to become First Lord of the Admiralty in 1911 is another case in point. The Dardanelles Expedition was decided from that moment.

There is, perhaps, no more flagrant example of popular ingratitude than the storm which arose against Haldane—the maker of the Expeditionary Force and the Territorial Army—at the beginning of the war, and leaders of all parties have it on their conscience that they did not stand together in his defence at that moment. The Conservative leaders brought everything into the account against him, and, as he was perhaps not aware, made the unfortunate incident of his correction of Hansard after the Curragh debate in the House of Lords (see page 267) one of their grounds for refusing to serve with him. I am sure he was entirely honest in transferring his services to Labour in the subsequent years, but the reasons that he gives—his hope that Labour would be more zealous than the other parties about Imperial defence and about Education—leave a Liberal rather mystified. He did splendid work for higher and university education in these years, but it was not work which could be much helped by association with political parties.

In the space at my disposal I have been able to touch only a few points, and I may seem to have dealt with some of them in a rather critical spirit, so let me add that this is a profoundly interesting book and the genuine self-revelation of a man of rare and original character.

J. A. SPENDER.

## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

An Elizabethan Journal, being a Record of those Things most Talked of during the Years 1591-1594. By G. B. HARRISON. (Constable. 3fs. 6d.)

THIS book is the product of a very good idea and much hard work, and Mr. Harrison is to be congratulated upon it. A synthetic journal has, of course, its disadvantages. It is perforce an impersonal thing, and it is of the essence of a diary to be personal. Indeed the more personal, the better the diary; in some of the best diaries, as in Parson Woodforde's record of Gargantuan meals, nothing of any public interest happens at all; and the greatest of all diaries, full though it is of matters of historical importance, is more dear to us for the sake of Mr. Pepys' personality than for the things of which he writes. In a synthetic diary we miss of necessity the home circle, the private sins, the hopes, the whimsicalities, the breath of personal life. It remains merely the background to a shadowy figure, whose outlines even imagination cannot entirely fill in. Nevertheless, when the age is the Elizabethan age, crammed with people whose background we are interested to know, even a synthetic journal becomes a thing of absorbing interest, and since we have not got an Elizabethan Pepys, the next best thing is certainly Mr. Harrison, recording day by day the things which people were talking about in London during the years 1591 to 1594. What, he has asked himself, did men discuss in Paul's Walk, in the Inns of Court, and the taverns and playhouses, beyond their private affairs? What scandals and *causes célèbres*, what books and plays, what affairs of State? In a word, what was the news? Here it is, a rich feast of it, collected from all sorts of sources, pamphlets,

newsletters, State papers, acts of the Privy Council, ambassadors' reports, the Stationers' Register, the annals and histories of writers such as Stow and Camden. He has done his work extraordinarily well, and the result will certainly be essential to all students of the period, to say nothing of being an excellent bed book for any lover of the picturesque, the curious, and the immortal commonplace.

The years 1591 to 1594 were full of affairs of moment, fighting in France and the Netherlands, brushes with the Spaniards at sea, voyages to far distant lands; and facts and rumours came hot foot into London and were eagerly discussed. Trials and executions were a constant occurrence, and the hardy Elizabethans crowded to witness scenes of the most horrible torture as lightheartedly as their descendants crowd to crook plays. The victims range from the half-mad Puritan Hacket, who incidentally bit off his opponent's nose in a fight and refused to return it, to the Jesuit Edmund Jennings, who was disembowelled by the hangman while still alive, and as he called on St. Gregory in his agony, the hangman cried out "God's wounds! his heart is in my hand and yet Gregory is in his mouth." There are tales of the Queen's progresses, of the sale of the cargo taken on the great carrack, of measures against the plague. The bookworms of the day discussed the new books as they came out; "Astrophel and Stella," Greene's pamphlets on "Coney Catching," "Venus and Adonis," "The Rape of Lucrece," Spenser's "Amoretti" and "Epithalamium," Giles Fletcher's "Of the Russe Commonwealth," Norden's "Speculum Britannie," Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," and Lambard's "Eirenardra" among the rest. Those who like hunting up topical allusions in Shakespeare's plays will find plenty of material too; let them only look up the recruiting scandals in Gloucestershire and then turn to Falstaff and Mr. Justice Shallow.

The book is full of striking personalities, men born to be talked about; the Queen herself, Raleigh, the poetaster Greene, all figure largely in contemporary gossip. Such a "character," though less well known to history, was Sir John Perrot, whose trial for fomenting rebellion in Ireland kept the town talking for many days. His mother had been a lady at the court of King Henry VIII., who married Sir Thomas Perrot, a gentleman of the Privy Chamber, but "Sir John in his person, qualities, gesture, and voice so much resembled the late king that it is very generally believed that he was indeed a surreptitious child of the blood royal." A great choleric man, with a majestic countenance and an irrepressible tongue, he seems little like a brewer of treasons, for all the freedom with which he spoke his mind when he felt like it. At his trial it came out that when the office of the Clerk of the Exchequer was empty and letters were sent by the Queen that Mr. Errington should be admitted to that office, Sir John said "This fiddling woman troubles me out of measure: God's wounds, he shall not have the office, I will give it to Sir Thomas Williams." On another occasion he broke out, "Ah, silly woman, now she shall not curb me, she shall not rule me; now, God's lady dear, I shall be her white boy again: doth she think to rule me now?", and on a third occasion—but these chaste pages would blush to record what Sir John called the Queen when the third letter came; and though he denied the speeches very vigorously on oath, they have an air of verisimilitude. Certainly his every word and gesture bears out the truth of the rumour as to his birth, and it looks as though Elizabeth herself accepted it, for when he was sentenced, "on his return from his trial he cried with oaths and fury to Sir Owen Hopton, the Lieutenant of the Tower: 'What, will the Queen suffer her brother to be offered up as a sacrifice to the envy of my flattering adversaries?' These words being carried to the Queen, she refused to sign the order for his execution and swore that he should not die, for he was an honest and faithful man."

But one could go on quoting from this delightful "diurnal" for pages. It refuses to open at a dull place. Let me only indicate in closing that Mr. Harrison has furnished it with full notes on his sources and two valuable appendices on Shakespeare (biography and topical allusions) and the Stationers' Registers respectively, and that the book contains twenty-six beautifully produced illustrations from contemporary sources.

EILEEN POWER.

## ANOTHER CRIME WAVE

- The Seven Dials Mystery.** By AGATHA CHRISTIE. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)  
**The Death of the Claimant.** By A. RICHARD MARTIN. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)  
**The Death of Laurence Vining.** By ALAN THOMAS. (Benn. 7s. 6d.)  
**Half Devil, Half Tiger.** By R. J. FLETCHER and ALEX MCLACHLAN. (Murray. 7s. 6d.)  
**One of Those Ways.** By MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)  
**The Double Image.** By I. R. G. HART. (Benn. 7s. 6d.)  
**Number 56.** By CATULLE MENDES. Translated by PHYLLIS MÉGROZ. (Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d.)

THOUGH all the books on this list are concerned with crime, only the first three are detective stories proper, and only one of these is good. Nor, contrary to expectation, is this one "The Seven Dials Mystery." Once, it is true, Mrs. Christie was the queen of detective story writers. But her power has latterly declined, and Miss Dorothy Sayers reigns in her stead. The young people who try to unravel the Seven Dials mystery are fatuous and irresponsible, but even they can see that there is something hackneyed about the masked conspirators and their missing No. 7. Indeed, Mrs. Christie allows one of the characters to remark naïvely: "It's impossible. The beautiful adventuress, the international gang, the mysterious No. 7, whose identity nobody knows—I've read it all a hundred times in books." It is true that Mrs. Christie gives an entirely unsuspected turn to her familiar setting, and that it is impossible to lay one's finger on No. 7 before his ultimate unmasking. But his identity seems quite arbitrary, as if Mrs. Christie had written on until the last chapter and then said to herself: "Now which, of all these idiotic people, shall I make the hero, and which the crook?" The reader is left aggrieved—sure that he has been cheated, but without sufficient interest to re-read the book in search of flaws.

No more is "The Death of the Claimant" a good book. The usual amateur detective keeps information up his sleeve, and the usual confidant makes a fool of himself in the Watson manner. There is, of course, a Russian adventuress. Also a wild but honourable young man who is wrongfully accused, while the real murderer is kept in the background until the last moment. That we cannot guess his identity is due to the author's lack of scruple rather than his ingenuity, and the climax holds no reward for our efforts to follow the complicated plot.

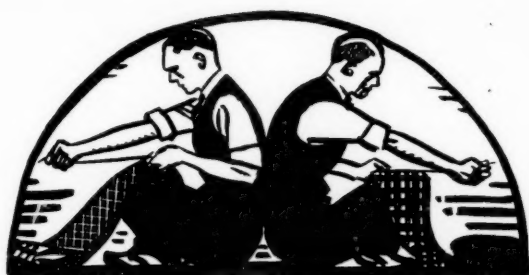
"The Death of Laurence Vining," however, is a very different story. The detective keeps nothing from the reader, and there is no straining after mystery. Strand by strand, the tangle is unravelled as new evidence comes to light. This evidence, it is true, is insufficient to put the murderer under arrest. But any sense of frustration is amply compensated by the final revelation of the murderer's diary, explaining how his masterly crime was carried out. The excitement of the chase is purely scientific, and all who enjoy a detailed investigation (complete with plans), must read this book at once.

"Half Devil, Half Tiger" is a story of South American and Japanese dope-smugglers, loosely planned and carelessly executed. The mysteries are transparent, and the horrors could not curdle even the most volatile blood.

If any woman could be as innocent as Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's heroine, then "One of those Ways" would be an excellent book. But her gullibility is unbelievable. It is impossible that any lady-companion so well versed in the intricacies of roulette and shemmie could fail to see that her employers are rogues, using her as a catspaw to pass forged plaques at the casinos. The rogues themselves, however, are well-drawn denizens of a Phillips Oppenheim riviera, and the book as a whole is enjoyable.

Although it is based on a murder, there is little mystery about "The Double Image." Having murdered her brute of a husband, the heroine, Lolita, and her accomplice are persuaded to act in a play organized by her unwitting mother-in-law. The play concerns the murder of a Renaissance noble by his wife and friend, and the guilty lovers are cast for the murderous rôles. Henceforth, the book is a study of Lolita's mind, haunted by the past, and





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at cross-purposes with the present. Believing that her mother-in-law knows of the murder and is luring them to betrayal, she determines to carry it through in order to allay suspicion. But the tension proves too strong for her nerves, which break down in a dress-rehearsal. The book is really interesting—even enthralling. But the characters are a little crude, and it would need a greater writer than Miss Hart to make tragedy of their predicament.

"No. 56" is a collection of stories by Catulle Mendès, a Parnassian whose work has never hitherto been translated into English. The reason for this omission is suggested by the titles of some of his novels: "Folies Amoureuses," "L'Homme Tout Nu," &c. But although the stories in this collection are sometimes frank, often sadistic, and usually pervaded by a sensual atmosphere, they are not pornographic. The title story is about a kindly bourgeois who investigates a murder, and reconstructs every stage of the crime so successfully that he is at last confronted with the fact that he himself has committed it when mad from drink. It is excellently told in every detail, and betrays his debt, though not subservience, to Edgar Allan Poe. The two stories that follow are stark records of supernatural experiences; and the last combines beauty with cruelty in a fairy tale that recalls Wilde rather than Poe. They are all worth reading, and the translation runs smoothly in spite of a few misprints.

### A TRAVELLER IN PERSIA

*Travels in Persia, 1627-1629.* By THOMAS HERBERT. Abridged and edited by SIR WILLIAM FOSTER, C.I.E. The Broadway Travellers. (Routledge. 15s.)

YOUNG Thomas Herbert, of York, may stand as yet another example of the excellent practice of keeping a diary. But for him we should be without any account of the first English embassy to Persia; we should be deprived of many remarks and observations on the customs and manners of that country in the seventeenth century; we should be unable to revisit Persepolis with eyes grown three centuries younger, and to observe that the great stairway was then still flagged with porphyry and lined at the sides with a brighter coloured marble. A boy of twenty-one, Herbert had the luck to accompany the ambassador and the sense to write a journal. He had, moreover, the supreme luck to survive an expedition which proved fatal to the three ambassadors concerned.

For the expedition authorized by King Charles I. in 1626 was no simple embassy of compliment to a distant though picturesque monarch. Sir Dodmore Cotton, the accredited representative of the English King, sailed in company of two rival ambassadors, Sir Robert Sherley, who had first arrived in England as the envoy of Shah Abbas; and Naqd Ali Beg, a Persian, who had subsequently turned up in London in the character of a second envoy from the same potentate. The East India Company was no doubt, though darkly, to blame. Certainly, the Company slighted Sir Robert while giving every consideration to his rival. Sir Robert had displayed a most conciliatory spirit towards the Persian: he had waited upon him in his lodging, and had allowed Naqd Ali to call him an impostor, to tear up his credentials, and even to strike him, without exhibiting any resentment. Despite Sir Robert's forbearance, it cannot have been with any pleasurable anticipations that Sir Dodmore Cotton embarked on the long voyage to Persia with two such hostile companions.

Going to Persia in those days was no easy matter. The three ambassadors made one false start, reaching the Downs only to discover that their fleet, taking advantage of a favourable wind, had already sailed without them. They then had to wait for twelve months before securing another passage. After a voyage of nine months they reached Bunder Abbas on the Persian Gulf, their number diminished by the death of Naqd Ali, who had committed suicide on the way by eating nothing but opium for four days. From Bunder Abbas the party set out for Shiraz, which Herbert thought "the pleasantest of Asiatic cities," and were here received by Imam Quli Khan at a great banquet at which were present not only the Imam himself, but also his eldest

son, the captive King of Ormus, a disconsolate Prince of Georgia, and the discontented Prince of Tartary, "during which entertainment young Ganymedes, arrayed in cloth of gold with long crisped locks of hair, went up and down bearing flagons of gold filled with choice wine." Still, a long way lay in front of them before they could come up with Shah Abbas; he was not at Ispahan, his capital, when they reached it, but in his summer residence at Ashraf, on the Caspian Sea, and thither they travelled with that patient acceptance of delays and distances which must needs be the lot of travellers even in Europe in the seventeenth century, and must be still in many parts of Asia to-day. At Ashraf they found the Padishah, whose "grandeur was this: circled with such a world of wealth, he clothed himself that day in a plain red calico coat quilted with cotton . . . having no need to steal respect by borrowed colours or embroideries." The Padishah received Sir Dodmore with civility, smiled at his inability to sit cross-legged, and, observing that the English ambassador remained bare-headed, raised up his own turban "the more to oblige" while he pledged King Charles's health in a bowl of wine.

Here, however, the cordiality of Shah Abbas began and ended. For an account of how Sir Dodmore and Sir Robert followed the Shah to Kasvin, and there died within ten days of one another of despair and dysentery, the reader must be referred to Herbert; likewise for the narrative of his own homeward journey, until, anchoring at Plymouth, he was able to return hearty thanks to God for his preservation. Herbert was not a great natural stylist, and he occasionally neglects his opportunities for description—for instance, in his very meagre comments on that most remarkable bastion of Yezd-i-Khast—but he is adequately vivid and readable, and records of Persian travel in the seventeenth century are infrequent enough to render all contributions valuable. The edition is excellently produced; it includes several of the original illustrations, a map, an index, and copious notes. It is difficult to see how the editor could better have fulfilled his duties.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST.

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## INIGO JONES

**Inigo Jones.** By ALFRED GOTCH. (Methuen. 12s. 6d.)

It is a melancholy and thankless task to carp, however unwillingly, at the work of a man like Mr. Gotch, to whom all students of seventeenth-century architecture owe so much. And yet, to those who have followed the general trend of his researches, as they have been published from time to time, the present disappointment should not be entirely unexpected. Mr. Gotch's position appears to the reviewer to have been a rather painful one. He has employed his great gifts and expended years of labour only to prove, with cumulative force, that Inigo Jones was, in the first place, a stage designer, and only secondarily, and a long way secondarily, an architect, that he is indeed a subject more profitably to be studied by the experts in pictorial art and stage technique than by the architectural historian.

Briefly, then, Mr. Gotch's researches show that, after Jones succeeded to the surveyorship, a certain amount of real architectural work did come his way, a good deal of interior decoration, fitting up the Royal houses and so on, and much hard and thankless work as the most active member of a commission to regulate new building in London and Westminster; but that, all the time, from his first recorded appearance as "Henygo Jones the picture maker" in 1603, to the production of *Salmacida Spolia* in 1640, he was consistently employed in the design of court entertainments, and that the evidence of the bulk of his drawings, and especially of the Roman Sketch-book which is mainly composed of sketches after the pictures of famous masters and studies of drapery and the human figure, is decisive in proving the real bent of his art. Enough has been said to explain the fundamental cause of what can only be called the failure of this book. There are other contributory causes. The whole scheme of the book, as intended for the educated general reader rather than the expert, has hampered Mr. Gotch very seriously indeed. Had it been possible for him to produce a full dress work, combining the evidence of the documents with a full critical discussion of the buildings and drawings, we should have got the best that he could give us. And how good that best can be, the masterly treatment of the vexed questions of the Italian Journeys and the Whitehall Palace designs bears witness. As it is, we are given no real discussion of the relationships of his designs to each other, of the contrast between the exquisite but rather conventional treatment of the façades at Whitehall and Greenwich, and the daring and original composition of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, or the Kirby Entrance front with its subtly contrasting rhythms. If Inigo Jones means anything to the general run of laymen interested in the arts, it is by reason of such things as these, and they are excluded from this book by the author's self-imposed limitations. It was a fatal mistake. *A propos* of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, Mr. Gotch dismisses this building as too much restored and rebuilt to have any value as evidence, though there are engravings dating from before the first restoration which might have helped, and he accepts such evidence as these when dealing with St. Paul's Cathedral. As to Kirby, he accepts this as probably by Jones, but oddly makes no mention of the references to it in Nicholas Stone's Account Book (Walpole Society, 1919), a source of evidence which he also ignores in speaking of the refitting of Holyrood Chapel in 1616.

There are, however, other and more serious omissions than those mentioned above, again probably the consequences of the author's unfortunate self-denying ordinance. Inevitably much space in this book is devoted to the masques, and many details and contemporary comments are given. On more than one occasion Mr. Gotch refers to the work of Messrs. Simpson and Bell (Walpole Society, 1924) on the Masque drawings, and always with the greatest respect. He does not, however, seem to have made all the use of their researches that he might. For example, in his account of the Italian Journey of 1613-14 he makes no mention of their discovery of Jones's acquaintance with Francesco Barbieri, Il Guercino da Cento, a young Italian artist who strongly influenced Jones's style of drawing and of whom there exists a named portrait sketch by Jones; further, he ignores the phenomenon remarked by Mr. Bell

of the gradually increasing influence of Rubens in Jones's landscape scenes for the later masques, surely a fact of no little personal significance as an indication of Jones's character considering his age at the time (well into the sixties), quite apart from its technical interest. Other more recondite questions as to sources and influences discussed in the Walpole Society's volume, together with the detailed discussion of the development of Jones's theatrical technique, are omitted with perhaps more justification by Mr. Gotch. It is only fair to add that reference is made to the source of one of the finest of the later landscape scenes, the night piece for *Luminalia*, in a note, but this is hardly enough.

The cumulative effect of these criticisms may seem severe. But, indeed, it would be difficult to praise this book with honesty. As suggested at the opening of this review, perhaps condolence with the author would be the most appropriate attitude to adopt, but the disappointed student must be forgiven a little heat when a respected authority commits what in relation to his former works seems almost a breach of trust.

GEOFFREY WEBB.

## UR OF THE SUMERIANS

**The Sumerians.** By C. LEONARD WOOLLEY. (Oxford University Press: Humphrey Milford. 6s.)

**The Excavations at Ur and the Hebrew Records.** By C. LEONARD WOOLLEY. (Allen & Unwin. 2s.)

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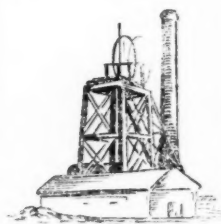
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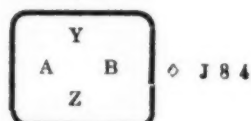
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so? He deduces this from A's lead of the King. This shows that A holds *either* six or more Clubs, headed by King, Queen, or four or more headed by King, Queen, and another honour. In the former case, Z cannot have the suit guarded; in the latter case, only if A has four Clubs to the King, Queen, ten, and Z has four to the Knave. But even in this case (as a little reflection will show) B cannot make an extra trick by holding up the Ace. AB therefore have everything to gain, and nothing to lose, by B's unblocking of the suit. Let us now consider a slightly more difficult case.

♦ Q 10



The Call is One No-Trump, and A leads the King of Diamonds. How should B play his cards? We need only consider, for the purposes of this illustration, the distribution of the Diamonds. B, when playing to the first trick, can see six of them—the King, which A has led, the Queen and ten, in Dummy, and the Knave, eight, and four in his own hand. A novice, in B's place, would probably play the four as a matter of course. But a more experienced player would stop to think, and the deductions he would draw would be as follows:—

- (1) A's lead shows that he has *at least* six Diamonds, of which
- (2) one is the Ace. (For the lead of the King shows either Ace or Queen, and the Queen is visible in Dummy.)
- (3) Therefore Z has *at most* two Diamonds, and hence
- (4) there is no danger of the third trick in Diamonds falling to Z, however B plays his cards.
- (5) A's next lead will be the Ace. If then B plays his four and eight to the first two tricks, he *must* take the third with the Knave (since Dummy's Queen will have fallen), and therefore he *must* block the suit. Hence he must get rid of the Knave before the third trick.
- (6) But this is not all. He *must also get rid of the eight*, since if Z has the nine the eight will block the suit at the third round as effectively as the Knave.
- (7) The proper play, therefore, is the Knave at trick 1, and the eight at trick 2, which ensures the unblocking of the suit. The instinctive recognition that both these cards must be disposed of marks the difference between good and bad play.

## ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

THE present publishing season is rather slow in beginning, and biographies and fiction are the only books to appear in any great numbers. Among biographical books the following may be noted: "L. M. 8046; the War Diary of a Légionnaire," by David W. King (Arrowsmith, 5s.); "Emily Hobhouse," a Memoir, by A. Ruth Fry, with a foreword by General Smuts (Cape, 10s. 6d.); "High Pressure," by Colonel Lionel James (Murray, 12s.), the reminiscences of a foreign correspondent of the TIMES; "Remembered Yesterdays," by Maha Mudaliyar Sir Solomon Dias Bandaranaike, the autobiography of the head of the Sinhalese Headmen (Murray, 15s.); "The Tempestuous Prince," by E. M. Butler (Longmans, 12s. 6d.), a biography of Prince Pückler-Muskau, who was a well-known figure in London society in the twenties of last century; "Stand and Deliver," by Elizabeth Villiers (Stanley Paul, 12s. 6d.), which tells the stories of famous highwaymen.

"John Cameron's Odyssey," transcribed by Andrew Farrell (Macmillan, 18s.), is half autobiography and half travel, telling of thirty years in the South Seas. Another travel book is "From the Ivory Coast to the Cameroons," by Alexander Jacob Reynolds (Knopf, 12s. 6d.).

The ninth volume of "A Comprehensive Treatise on Inorganic and Theoretical Chemistry," by J. W. Mellor (Longmans, 63s.), deals with arsenic, antimony, bismuth, vanadium, columbium, and tantalum.

"Agricultural Economics," by George O'Brien (Longmans, 10s. 6d.), is an attempt to apply general economic principles to the special circumstances of the agricultural industry.

## THE OWNER-DRIVER

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IT is not often Owner-Drivers get something for nothing, but I think a good many are receiving surprise cheques just now.

A friend of mine sent his car into a coachbuilder's shop three weeks ago, and it was ready for delivery the day the recent severe frost commenced. But through a chain of unforeseen circumstances it was left overnight on the premises. Next morning it was discovered that a frozen water jacket had caused a bad fracture. Not until the owner had made arrangements for the necessary repairs was he asked if his car was insured. He replied that it was "covered" against the ordinary risks, but not against damage through frost.

He then learnt from his garage people that tariff offices had, as from January 1st, included in *new policies* a clause accepting liability for fractures through freezing. He promptly telephoned his own insurance company, reported his damage, and was told that a claim form would be posted at once. There was no legal liability, as the old policy had not been endorsed, but the claim was admitted without the slightest demur.

I wonder what this voluntary concession will have cost the tariff companies in the last fortnight? We have had no such weather since 1895, so there are very few motorists indeed who have had to contend with such low temperatures, and hundreds must have been caught napping, through failure to take extra precautions. Two old motor journalists, who have given miles of advice to car-owners, are amongst the victims, I hear.

Whilst praying for a speedy relief from the terrors of frost, I am invited to make a trip to Czechoslovakia, where at only 300 metres above sea level snow lies 30 inches deep everywhere! "To-day," writes a motoring friend in Moravia, "it is minus 22 degrees Fahrenheit—a temperature you don't get in England. Your open English fires, charming though they be, would be useless here just now without central heating and double windows. The snow on the roads has been pressed hard down, and one drives quite well, so long as one is not compelled to give way to another vehicle."

I want to go to Czechoslovakia again, but I shall wait until the icy blasts have gone and the road from Vienna to the Semmering has been repaired. We English motorists have our grievances, but we have not had to wait over ten years for war-time damage to our main highways to be mended.

The Czech authorities, like our own, are more energetic in extracting money from car-owners than in catering for motoring. Until about a year ago they left each local council to fix its own motor tax, with the result that in one out-of-the-way spot I know well no levy whatever was made, even on a 45 h.p. Benz. But the young son of the Benz owner, who has bought a 36 h.p. Grand Prix Mercedes, is now called upon to pay about £45 a year. The tax is based on similar lines to our own, except that instead of the rating being in proportion to the bore of the cylinder, it is fixed on the cubic capacity of the cylinders, irrespective of bore or stroke—which is quite an intelligent basis.

There is a legal speed limit in Czechoslovakia of 45 kilometres an hour, but as there are no police on the main roads the law is not enforced. In towns and villages, however, the police are supreme. It is their duty to restrict speed to nine miles an hour, and motorists are dealt with according to each constable's estimate, for no arithmetical proof is demanded.

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## FINANCIAL SECTION

## THE WEEK IN THE CITY

## FINANCING CANADA—AMERICA AND BRITISH UTILITIES—UNDERGROUND—CORDOVA LAND

**B**USINESS is as frozen on the Stock Exchange as it is outside. Brokers are attributing their loss of commissions to the rise in Bank rate, but this is hardly fair. Money is tight at this season of the year when the tax-gatherers are busy. The sterling exchange is still lower than it is pleasant to observe. There is still a feeling of uncertainty at the next move of the Federal Reserve authorities. The New York Stock Exchange is unsettled. And finally, the coming elections in this country have begun to cast a shadow on the markets. No one but an extreme bull would want to take on fresh commitments under these conditions. Moreover, markets were not elated by the home railway dividends and were distinctly disappointed at the Courtaulds final dividend of 10 per cent. tax free (12½ per cent. tax free being expected), making 15 per cent. tax free for the year. Sound investment shares such as Imperial Tobacco are suffering perhaps more than the speculative from spasmodic sales and the lack of buying orders. But the real business of finance goes on. It is interesting to hear of the placing this week in the City of 80,000 preference shares of \$100 of a Canadian finance company sponsored by Messrs. Wood, Gundy, and supported by most of the important private banks in London. As Canada since the war has generally found finance for its industrial developments in the United States, the raising of capital by this Company—the Consolidated Investment Corporation of Canada—in London is to be welcomed. The fact that these preference shares carry warrants giving the right to one common share free and the option to take up one further common share at \$30 in the next five years for every two preferred shares held, is an attraction.

The rude incursion of American financiers into the peaceful preserves of English financial life is a subject for much speculation on the Stock Exchange. A number of British controlled public utilities in South America, for example, have fallen under the American onslaught. In recent months the Electric Bond and Share Company of New York acquired control of the Pernambuco Tramways, the Chilean and Mexican holdings of the Whitehall Electric Investments, and the holdings of the Atlas Light and Power in Argentina. Again, the Utilities Light and Power of New York has acquired control, through the Greater London and Counties Trust, of seven British power companies, as well as interests in other utility companies and a part-time interest in the directorial activities of Lord Birkenhead. We have nothing in principle to say against this American invasion. Some companies have guarded against it by watering the voting rights of foreign-owned shares. But the Americans pay a very good price for the shares they buy—they can afford to do so because they can generally work up the public utility company into a higher state of efficiency—and the British shareholders can invest their capital, plus handsome profits, as productively as before if they chose to do so. It will also help our exchange if we continue to sell a number of our foreign investments at inflated prices to America. It is rumoured in "the house" that the next plum to be pulled by the American Jack Horner out of his English pie will be Primitiva Gas.

Last year the Underground group spent £2,050,000 on improvements and additions. This included £260,000 on the new Piccadilly Circus station (£55,000 to follow this year), of which London is very proud. There are not a few investors who like to put money in a company which is meeting an indispensable and expanding public need. Such an investment is provided by the new 5 per cent. first mortgage debenture, 6 per cent. income debenture stock, 6 per cent. convertible income bonds or the ordinary shares of the Underground Electric Railways Company of London. Under the "Common Fund" agreement of May, 1928, the net receipts of the five operating companies of the "Underground" group are pooled. The shares of the five

companies in the "Common Fund" are as follows: Metropolitan District, 14.35 per cent.; London Electric Railway, 41.38 per cent.; City and South London Railway, 6.56 per cent.; Central London Railway, 13.31 per cent., and London General Omnibus, 24.4 per cent. The Underground Electric Railways Company of London holds practically 100 per cent. of the ordinary stocks of these companies with the exception of the Metropolitan District, of which it holds 55 per cent. It holds also 100 per cent. of the ordinary shares of Associated Equipment Company, 40 per cent. of the ordinary shares of London Suburban Traction Company, and smaller holdings in other companies outside the "Underground" combine.

The investor in Underground Electric Railways should look to the earnings of the operating companies, whose equities are owned, rather than to the dividends presently declared. It is satisfactory to find the income of this very efficient "Underground" group steadily increasing. Last year the traffic receipts of the five operating companies showed an increase of 8.8 per cent., expenditure of 8.5 per cent., net receipts of 10.1 per cent., and net income (including miscellaneous receipts) of 8.02 per cent. After meeting interest, rentals, and prior charges, and making appropriations to reserves and renewals, the balance available for dividends (i.e., the common fund) was £1,178,187 against £1,030,496, an increase of 13.85 per cent. The amounts paid in ordinary dividends were £1,127,147 against £922,348, which represented an average rate of 5.69 per cent. against 4.66 per cent. in 1927. It is calculated that the effect of a 1 per cent. increase in the dividends of the combined five companies is equivalent to a further 3 per cent. on the Underground ordinary shares. The market was therefore somewhat disappointed that the Underground dividends were only increased from 5 per cent. to 7 per cent. The ordinary shares are slightly easier at 25s., to yield 5.77 per cent. on dividends, or 6.6 per cent. on earnings, if it is reasonable to estimate earnings at not less than 8 per cent. The 6 per cent. income bonds, which have the right to convert up to June 30th, 1930, into £1 shares at 21s., are quoted at 120, to yield 5.10 per cent. flat.

Here is a curious problem for shareholders. Are the ordinary shares of the Cordova Land Company at 18s. 6d. cheap or dear? This company conducts a cattle-raising business in the Argentine, but began in 1928 to sell off some of its land to colonists. This change in its operations has led to a change in its capital structure. The proceeds of the sales of land and of cattle sold on capital account have been used to pay off most of the first mortgage debenture stock of which only £43,783 remains. The directors now propose that 19s. of the £1 ordinary shares should be returned to shareholders in the form of income debenture stock which will be paid off as the remaining lands are realized. In effect, the creation of this income debenture stock enables the company to make a return of capital, whenever cash is available, without having to apply to the Court for sanction. The balance-sheet of the Company at December 31st, 1928, showed net assets of £1,238,122. Deducting £1,033,680, being the amount of the proposed income debenture stock, there would remain a surplus of £204,441, which is equivalent to 3s. 9d. on the new 1s. shares. The Company paid last year a dividend of 4½ per cent. less income tax on the ordinary shares. It is not to be supposed that the profits of the Company can be maintained at last year's level of £78,000, when 34 per cent. of the land has been realized, but 66 per cent. of the last year's profits would enable 4½ per cent. to be paid on the income debenture stock. To yield 6 per cent. the 19s. worth of stock would have to stand at about 14s. 3d., making a total of 18s. for the present £1 shares. A higher price than 18s. may, however, be justified if the Company obtains better prices for its remaining lands.



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